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### WHICH PAYS BEST?

IT appears to us, as far as it is possible at this distance to judge, that the Free State party in the Territory of Kansas, in standing aloof from the Convention Election ordered to be held in June next, are adopting a line of policy very likely to be prejudicial to their cause. And so, if we are to judge from the tone of that vigorous anti-slavery paper, *The New Era*, some of their best friends in this part of the country think.

If the Free State party in the Territory wholly abstain from voting, it will be very difficult to prevent the great body of the people of the country from coming to a conclusion unfavorable either to their courage, their good faith, or their good sense. It will be very likely to be said, "All this talk about packing conventions, fraudulent lists, undue advantages given to the dominant party, and so forth and so on, is only what we hear of at every contested election all over the country—what, more or less, actually takes place at every such election. But when was it ever heard that a party claiming to be actuated by principle, claiming to be in a majority, abstained from voting because their political opponents called the election? One of three things: either you are afraid to vote at some personal risk; or you know you are in a minority, and don't wish it proved; or you desire to keep the question open as a lever for future political agitation." Either of these conclusions is not at all creditable to the Free State party; and if they persist in their refusal to vote, one of these three results will certainly be arrived at by the shrewd sagacity of our observing nation.

But there are other elements which enter, or should enter, into our speculations on this subject; and whatever may be the tricks or blunders of the Free State party of Kansas, we incline to believe that they have, on the whole, long odds on their side. And this proceeds from causes worthy of close remark and observation.

It seems to us impossible to be so blind as not to see that, in the whole belt of middle Slave States, ranging from Delaware through Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, to and including Kansas itself (Lecompton is on the same parallel with the City of Washington), there is going on an agitation of the public mind on the subject of slavery of the most important character.

The facts notoriously before the public are quite sufficient to establish this. In Virginia there has been an enormous exodus of slaves to the South this spring, computed by some at a hundred thousand; and emigration societies are forming by the capitalists of the North to buy up the cheap lands of that State for Northern settlers. In Kentucky an active discussion is going on, as it has been for years. In Missouri an Eastern company is building the Hannibal and St. Joseph Road directly across the State; while in the commercial capital of the State a party openly and eagerly in favor of emancipation has just succeeded at the municipal elections; and an enormous emigration from the North and Northeast is at the same moment pouring into Kansas.

These things go to show that the emigration from the Northern States, the great hive of the country, is no longer hereafter to adhere as steadily as it has hitherto done to its own parallel of latitude, but that, deflecting to the South, it is about to take up a line of march through the northern belt of Slave States. If this fact be so, it can have but one result. We doubt the fact as little as we do the result.

This is no question of religious fanaticism, of foolish or impertinent interference in the affairs of other people, of political trickery or contrivance. It relates to the operation of the eternal and immutable laws of political economy, of supply and demand, of labor and capital, of industry and production.

The belt of Slave States, of which we have spoken, is in nowise adapted to the labor of the black race. They are full of every material that requires for its development the active, eager, and incessant energies of the white man. That part of the territory on the coast is eminently fitted for a vast commerce. The bay of the Chesapeake is, really, the only rival of New York; Virginia and Missouri are full of mineral wealth; Kentucky and Kansas are as fitted to become great agricultural States as Ohio or Illinois. In no one aspect are they suited to, or do they require, slave labor. They have retained it to this day purely from political reasons. The preposterous violence of the Abolitionists has had the usual effect of foreign interference all over the world, and has enabled the political chieftains of the whole South to use the Slavery question as the most powerful bond of political union.

But in the reason and nature of things the Northern Slave States not only do not need slave labor in any economical point of view, but they would be vastly better off without it. The arguments that apply to the Cotton, the Rice, and the Sugar States of the South and Southwest have no application in their case. They are, and, for the last fifty years, have been applying the labor of the black to modes of labor and forms of production to which the labor of the white is every way better adapted. The inevitable result has followed. As compared with the Free States of the same parallel of latitude, their industry languishes—their lands fall in value—and, finally, an impoverished set of proprietors either substitute a less expensive form of labor, or else give way to a more enterprising body of men.

This operation brings up the question of Slavery not as a question of ethics, not as a question of politics, but as a simple matter of industry and of interest. What form of labor is most profitable in wheat-growing States, like Kentucky, or in mineral States, like Missouri? Under what form of labor are the lands of those States likely most rapidly to increase in value? What form of labor tends most certainly to bring in that emigration on which all new States depend? *In short, what is the true pecuniary interest of the owners of the soil of those States?* Is it to have free labor, or slave labor?

Nothing can long stave off the submission of this question to the people of the Northern Slave States. And, once put, it can be determined but in one way. The facts on which a correct decision may be formed are too near at hand, and too striking, to render it probable that an erroneous judgment will be made.

Nothing, we say, can prevent the ultimate result. No political contrivance—no sectional jealousy—not even the unfraternal violence and inconsiderate interference of the anti-slavery party of the Northern States can much longer delay it.

Let us abide, then, in patience, the calm and deliberate action of the people of these great members of the Confederacy, to whom the decision of the question rightfully belongs.

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### REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.

AMONG us Americans it has been a reproach, made too often with truth, that money is the test of excellence. We remember once conversing with a distinguished lawyer of this city, immediately after his return from a European tour, on the relative merits of social life here and in England. Among other facts derogatory to the mother country that he made use of, he asserted that an American traveling on the Continent spent twice as much as an Englishman; and that even at home the Americans of all classes were more free with their money. "Why, Sir," said he, "there is not a Bowery boy who drives his sweetheart out to Snedicker's or Woodlawn that does not drink his bottle of Champagne!" We mildly suggested that it would have been better if the Bowery boy kept his money, instead of spending it on what was only chemist's stuff baptized with the hallowed name of Heidsick. "That makes no difference," replied our legal friend, "he pays the money for it all the same."

This is a theory which, we regret to say, our countrymen adopt rather too generally. If a thing costs money it must be good. It is a reply always on hand. The excellence of a dinner is estimated by the price. Women will wear brocades and poplins of the most astounding and unbecoming patterns, perfectly assured that they are in perfect taste because they cost five hundred dollars a dress!

We do not mean to say that this absurd system of reasoning is peculiar to us. The fantasies of the English and French for hideous earthenware, because being difficult of manufacture its price is high, are just as foolish as any that we indulge in. But the reference to the cost of an article is exceptional in those countries, and expense is always secondary to fitness and propriety.

In no department of our social life is this pecuniary standard more fully exhibited than in the interiors of our houses. We have at present reached a pitch of civilization and refinement at which it would be absurd to talk of patriarchal simplicity. It is now a necessity of our nature to avail ourselves, as far as our means will allow, of the resources of invention and art. The simple log-chair of our ancestors would no longer afford us repose. The bed of dried leaves on which the primal man slept the sleep of health, would give any one of us the rheumatism. Venison, having ceased to be roasted by hungry hunters on sticks, knows the arts of Delmonico, and is accustomed to currant-jelly. Grass, as a table-cloth, is superseded by English damasked linen. The moccasin and sandal have been kicked out of sight by the patent-leather boot; and the mantle of undressed skins, and more advanced toga, have been swallowed up in the folds of the ample Raglan.

We must bid farewell, then, to all philosophizing on unnecessary luxury. People *will* sleep on spring-beds, lounge in easy-chairs, and tread on Brussels carpets. For our own part we have no objection to this state of things. It suits us perfectly, only we want to see comfort and propriety combined. Furniture, like all outward things, has a considerable effect on the mind. The man who resides continually in a glaringly badly-furnished apartment, will, in most instances, become vulgarized in such of his mental qualities as are acted upon through his sight—just as one who had been immured in a tomb for any length of time would inevitably become saturnine in disposition.

Household furniture, as generally exhibited in New York, may be divided into two orders. First, the Sarcophagus order; secondly, the Shop-window order. The sarcophagus order of furniture is to be found mostly in boarding-houses, and in the residences of a few private families, who are either too poor or too respectable to keep pace with the age. The sarcophagus order of furniture—we have named it so from the depressing influence which it exercises on the mind—is generally composed of horse-hair and mahogany. The sofas are long, and hard, and narrow, with straight elbows, that give the would-be lazy man a crick in the neck to look at them. The chairs are constructed with similar views to human torture. They take one back to those good old Puritan times when it was considered a crime for any young person not to sit as if they had swallowed a poker, and when even sexagenarians might have been plumbed from head to foot without a hair's-breadth of deviation from the perpendicular being observed. In a room furnished in the sarcophagus style, the curtains and carpet possess a species of funereal gloom. They have the peculiarity, no matter how well taken care of, of looking as if they were covered with dust. There is one dreary table in the centre. The fire glimmers with a chilly light. The doors are massive and sombre, and close behind one with a heavy clang, like the doors of the horrible cavern in Vathek. The people inhabiting such chambers partake largely of their character. They are taciturn and dyspeptic, and seldom look clean. Fortunately for the vivacity of New York, the sarcophagus order of furniture prevails only in a few antique localities, like St. John's Park and East Broadway.

The second—or shop-window order of furniture—is to be found, in various degrees of splendor, in all modern houses, from the twenty-five feet fronts of the side streets to the imposing mansions of Fifth Avenue. We style this order "shop-window," because the chairs, tables, curtains, and et ceteras of furniture are, in material and pattern, precisely like the glaring specimens with which upholsterers decorate the windows of their stores. On entering a room decorated after this order, one might imagine that the owner had taken a tour down Broadway and picked up a curtain from one upholsterer's window, a chair from another, and a table from a third.

The prevailing peculiarity in the furniture of this order is glare. One house in Fifth Avenue, with which we are acquainted, gives one a sort of domestic *coup de soleil* on entering. The parlors are hung with yellow satin; every available bit of wood or plaster in the rooms are gilt, and one feels an irresistible desire, in the midst of that overwhelming splendor, to have the power Jove possessed, of transforming one's self into an eagle—that being the only animal which is supposed to possess the power of looking upon the sun without being blinded.

One of the first things to be thought of in furnishing a house is the fitness of things for their place. It is absurd to see a room, in a house of only twenty-five feet front, fitted up in carved oak—although carved oak, in its proper place, is an admirable decorative medium. It, however, implies spacious apartments and lofty ceilings; and, if used in a small space, gives the idea of a wooden box rather than a room. It would be much as if a man were to introduce a church-organ into a "hall bed-room."

Few fashionable people in this city have any idea of the harmonies of color in furniture. They will put yellow curtains, green carpet, and pink paper all in one room, and will remain quite satisfied that the apartment is admirably furnished because they paid large prices for each. Now the great arts in furnishing rooms are to avoid all harsh contrasts, to obtain subdued variety of tint, to diffuse a pleasant depth of color through the rooms, so as to give light and shade, and consequently relief, to the various objects in it. Above all, to guard against over-crowding. Now there is no necessity for any particular expense in obtaining these results. A good eye for color, a refined taste, and a little reflection, will do more on a thousand dollars than the want of it on ten.

Not that we object to expense when united with taste. If people can afford it, let them spend as much money as they choose. It benefits trade. Besides, there are many beautiful things which can not be obtained without large expense. All that we desire to preach against is the abominable doctrine that a thing must be good because it costs much money; and its converse—that, because an article happens to be inexpensive, it must be bad.

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### STOCK DIVIDENDS.

THE Legislature of the State have passed an Act to authorize the Erie Railroad Company to issue new stock to an amount equal to the payments made into the sinking fund; and the Board of Directors, within a few hours after the passage of the Act, have met and declared a dividend of ten per cent. in stock.

This, we apprehend, is another of the errors of our system of railroad financiering. The pieces of paper on which certificates of stock are printed have no other value than that which they derive from the property they represent. To present the shareholders with more pieces of paper, inscribed with certificates of stock, is, therefore, no gift at all, unless something shall have been actually added to the value of the property represented. But the Erie Railroad Company has not been able, for three years past, to pay a dollar in the shape of dividends on the pieces of paper which represent the ten millions of stock which it has now afloat. For all practical purposes, the owners of those pieces of paper might as well have not owned them at all. Every year, every week, they have been growing less valuable; yet now the stockholders are bidden to rejoice at the prospect of getting more of them!

The absurdity of the transaction is so palpable, that we are inclined to place some faith in the newspaper stories about the powerful lobby force which the Erie Railroad Company is said to have employed to engineer the passage of the Act. Let us illustrate this a little further.

Here we have a Company whose capital is represented on paper, in the shape of stock and bonds, as something like thirty-eight millions of dollars. This Company, managed—as the Directors certify—with the utmost care and

economy, doing an increasing business, with construction account closed, and all old leaks stopped, is unable to pay any thing per cent. on the stock portion of its capital. It is obliged to pay interest on its bonds; but it may do as it pleases with regard to the stock, and it pays nothing thereon, earning nothing. This being the state of the case, the Company, finding that it can not pay interest on ten millions stock, now sets to work to make it eleven!

The only practical effect of the dividend will be to lessen the value of the already fearfully-depreciated stock in existence. The property represented by that stock had and has a specific value. That value is the same as it was—that of the stock is not. Eleven shares now represent the same real value as ten shares a month ago.

If we add that a million of stock will be shortly thrown into Wall Street, and realized, we shall have fully and correctly described the nature of the operation which is taking place.

## THE NEW MEXICAN CONSTITUTION.

OUR Spanish-American neighbors are great consumers of constitutions; they require a fresh one every few years. The fact is, that amiable and useful class of people, who with us deride the Constitution and spit upon its organized instruments, are with them in preponderance. There, minorities will not submit.

The Mexicans have just framed a new constitution by way of superseding the famous plan of Ayutla. It is, on the whole, a fair and sensible contrivance. The Constitution of the United States has been consulted with profit by its framers, the chief differences between the two being the delegation in the Mexican scheme of legislative authority to one house of Congress instead of two; and the possession by the Legislatures of States of the right of proposing laws to the general Congress. In other respects the two Constitutions bear close analogy to each other. The new Mexican President will hold office for four years—whether he is re-eligible or not does not appear: the members of Congress are elected for two years, by universal suffrage. This Constitution is to be submitted to the people on 16th September next. The general elections take place in the mean time. Among the candidates mentioned for the Presidency, are Comonfort, Alvarez, Lerdo, and Vidaurri—the two former seeming to have the best chance.

An idea prevails among certain Mexican politicians that this country does not desire to see Mexico prosper. This is a mistake. Whatever territorial changes time may render necessary, it is certain that, at present, the United States have the very highest interest in seeing Mexico a prosperous, peaceful, and orderly country—so high an interest, in fact, that were the welfare of Mexico dependent upon any mere pecuniary sacrifice to be made by us, a large majority of our people would willingly advocate that sacrifice.

## PROTESTANT MARRIAGES INVALID IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WE learn with astonishment that a court of justice at Rio Janeiro has just decided that a marriage celebrated between two Protestants in Brazil has become invalid by the conversion of the lady to the Roman Catholic faith. This is *apparently* the ground of the judgment; though it may be that the marriage was considered invalid *ab initio*, as having been celebrated between heretics. We know that such used to be the doctrine of the Spanish courts.

If the Government of England thought fit to interfere in Tuscany in behalf of the Mediai, the Government of this country might perhaps be justified in at least inquiring into this occurrence at Rio. We have reason to believe that it is the desire of Mr. Cass to mark his administration of our foreign policy by the infusion of new vigor into our relations with the South American States: may we venture to suggest that this alleged outrage would afford a very good starting-point?

## AMERICAN MACHINERY.

LAST week the new steamship *Niagara* got up steam to make her trial trip; but before the wheels had made many revolutions an escape of steam was noticed, and it was discovered that the head of the outboard cylinder of the centre engine was split across.

In the general regret that is felt there mingles a feeling of annoyance at the frequency of such accidents to American machinery. It is a painful thing to say, but our heavy marine machinery seems to be always happening accidents and getting out of order; our steamships are constantly delayed by the breakage of this, or the straining of that, or the splitting of something else; while the machinery made in England—such, for instance, as is now in the Cunard vessels—never seems to require repair.

We apprehend that it will be found, on searching inquiry, that this liability of American machinery to get out of order arises mainly from the haste with which it is made, and the necessary imperfections occasioned thereby. We have little faith in luck or chance. Man is the arbiter of fortune, in the long run; and when we find the Cunard Line running for a series of years without accident or mishap, while our steamers are constantly requiring to be laid up, or going to pieces, we are impelled to the conclusion that the contrast ought to be as much a theme of indignation as of sorrow.

WE regret that want of space compels us to defer till next week the defense of Judge Edmonds, with our remarks thereon.

## CHAT.

### EASTER GAYETIES.

YOUNG New York, believing thoroughly in the expediency of compromises, compounds for its non-observance of the fasts of the Church by paying due respect to the feasts. We have been edified with no remarkable instances of self-denial or austerity during the period of Lent, but Easter Week has been signalized by a grand outburst of returning mirth at the Academy of Music, being Opera Fund Ball and Concert No. 2, a very cumbrous piece of machine gayety constructed on the usual principles. Of course somebody besides modistes, hair-dressers, and hack-drivers takes a lively interest in public balls—somebody must enjoy the getting ready to go; the going; the shivering in gossamer costume upon the chilly floors and under the dreary vastness of the Academy ceilings; the dancing and polking in company with those suspicious every bodies who will go, and who won't be persuaded not to dance; the promenading which excites such intense desire to sit down, and the sitting down which inspires new efforts at promenade; the supper, if not a fiction, a reality worse than fiction; the imbroglios under the porticoes in vain attendance upon those inexplicable entanglements of Celtic charioteers; the final homeward movement and despairing clutch at the bed-clothes. Of course, the whole performance, from the first turning up of the gas-light for the toilet, to the last turning it down to shut off, with its departing flicker, the bewildering conglomerate sensation of bearded beaux and whirling belles, must be to somebody or other highly entertaining and satisfactory, and such unknown participants in the festivities of this particular occasion we congratulate, without being able to form the slightest conjecture who they are.

Of a different sort are the festivities of the Sons of St. Nicholas, who have, according to time-honored custom, eaten and digested the Paas dinner with the usual accompaniments of heavy speaking, heavy joking, and heavy drinking. But of all the saints honored with this species of commemoration—the public dinner—St. Nicholas seems the best entitled to the ovation, and as long as a Knickerbocker is left in New York whose hand can find its way to his mouth, there is no danger of its disuse.

The children, too! We have had an inkling of an impending *soirée des enfants*, to which the little darlings of six, seven, and eight, and thereabouts, are invited, with the premonition at the foot of the card,

*Costume de Bal de rigueur.*

Well, if we wanted our children (their existence being presupposed) to create a sensation at a juvenile Fancy Ball in these days of hot-house maturity, we should have them go in the rare, and almost unknown character, of *little boys and girls.* Apropos of the children, we were much edified by the tone of a conversation between a veteran belle of some eight or nine winters, and a Brummel of ten or eleven years of age, at a children's party, the other night; they were dwelling upon the past and its associations, and, in response to some reminiscence of her contemporary, says the little spinster, "Oh, yes! that is *among my earliest recollections!*" One would have fancied he was overhearing a conversation between Doctor Francis and one of the mothers in Manhattan, instead of Billy and Susy.

### PAM.

All of a sudden we are taking a great interest in English politics. The ins and outs of Parliamentary leaders are ordinarily matters of supreme indifference on the Brother Jonathan side of the Atlantic, but just now we are "bound," as they say at the West, to watch with eager eyes the contest between the British Premier and the combined opposition. The republican instincts for a fair fight, and in favor of the one man who is holding his ground against five or six, are aroused, and we want to see the game played out. Thanks to *Punch*, the monosyllabic nickname at the head of this paragraph may be almost as effective a rallying cry as were the equally brief and euphonious "Buck" and "Breck" which figured so largely last fall, and helped their proprietors to success. It is delightful to our democratic eyes to see Palmerston popularized into Pam, and the veteran Viscount asking his last honors at the hands of the People, and on the score of his being most fairly the representative of their opinion. The quarrel is a pretty one, and we in the United States have no little interest in the Chinese question. Every teapot in the country, from handle to spout, is a witness to this assertion. We can do without governors, legislatures, and judges, but we can not do without tea. At the same time, the whole civilized world has lost patience with the Celestials, who are quite out of place on a planet intended for the occupation and enjoyment of terrestrials, and if the cutting off of a few hundred of the pigtails of the most exalted dignitaries, without endangering their heads, would appease the British Ministry and remove all hindrance to the uninterrupted flow of tea from our tea-pots at former prices, we should rejoice. In the mean time we wait for the English returns; and whichever way the election goes, we may safely set down the result as an expression of the popular will.

### NO ADMITTANCE.

There is one spot, it seems, where the ubiquitous reporter, hitherto supposed to have the freedom of the globe, can not come. Mr. Toucey, the new Secretary of the Navy, after consideration, prohibits him from treading the decks of the Government frigates destined to the work of laying the cable for the submarine telegraph. No unofficial eye is to witness the submerging of the wires, and whatever of interest or incident attends the operation must be, like the cable itself, "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," unless it leaks out through some chance source. The public should be cautioned beforehand not to believe any thing they may hear from the expedition, as whatever is done will be "told to the marines," and the value of such communications is well known.

### LOST OR STOLEN.

The character of the Rev. Mr. Kalloch of Boston. Lost, by his own indiscretions and crime, and the added guilt of its persistent denial; or else stolen away by perjured witnesses, upon whom might fitly light a retribution similar to that which fell on Peeping Tom of Coventry. Some striking traits of New England character have been developed by this trial, both as respects the parties to the alleged offense, and the very inquisitive witnesses who guessed at it in advance. The whole affair, were all the points gathered into the moral which they indicate, might furnish the material for another picture drawn from the dark side of the social life to which they belong, as deep in its shadows as Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, of which we are reminded by the developments of the present case. Our Boston friends are apt to point their fingers in this direction when the chase for crime is under full headway; but for a scandal of the first magnitude we may look with as much success to the New England metropolis as any where else. Human nature is the same every where; yet when the evil in it allies itself to Yankee invention, and to that relentless element of force which lurks in the Puritan character, it has ample scope and verge enough for the most extensive havoc.

## THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

### TAKING MINE EASE IN MINE INN.

OF all the humbugs in this great and glorious country of ours—and we have a good many fat little shams out at nurse at present—the greatest and most majestic is the hotel-keeper. Time was when, if a weary traveler arrived at the door of a hostelry, he was not off his saddle before a portly white-aproned figure filled the entry, and welcomed him with a good hearty welcome. It was the jolly, well-fed, bustling, attentive, hospitable landlord. It was he who saw that the traveler was well served at table. It was he who, with his own hands, brought in the bowl of lamb's-wool with which the fox-hunters' feast was crowned, when the hunt had their yearly dinner at his inn. He earned the money you paid him, and was not ashamed to look as if he earned it. This was somewhat far back. Let us look at the landlord of the present day, in the two great capitals of civilization. In London he is a well dressed, well to do, quiet, reserved man, who is rarely to be seen, yet always to be found by those stopping at his house. He is respectful and anxious to please. He charges high, and makes you exceeding comfortable. In France the landlord can not do too much for Monsieur. He is desolated if you find the meats ill-cooked; and if you express any dissatisfaction with his wines, nothing less than immediate suicide will repair the misfortune. On the whole, the Frenchman manages to make your stay in his house very pleasant. He takes a sort of paternal interest in you, and will do any thing that you ask him, if you ask him politely. If rudely, there is no more savage animal than the Parisian hotel-keeper.

But in America! What shall I say of the hotel-keeper in America—in New York? Would you ever imagine, on entering the Bunkum House, that the portly, insolent-looking man, smoking his cigar in the public hall with his feet on a chair, and reading the morning paper—would you ever imagine that this immense being, radiant with diamonds and huge chain, was the landlord? He is. Go and ask him for a room, and be instantly withered with a glance of offended dignity. Speak to him at all, if you are a stranger, and you will soon learn better than to address this Jove of Olympian attic rooms on a short acquaintance. Nay, Sir, even if you hold a high official position—if you are Mayor, or Post-master, or United States Marshal, or Commander-in-chief—you will have to address the landlord of the Bunkum House with befitting respect. Then, perhaps, his high mightiness will invite you to dine in No. 1000—that being a special room where the favorites of his majesty are permitted to enjoy a private dinner and his company every day; his majesty—I whisper the suggestion—finding his account in the quantity of wines drunk at said private dinner by his guests.

The fictions in which the American landlord wraps himself are manifold and very amusing. The proprietor of the Bunkum House, I verily believe, persuades himself that he does not keep a hotel at all, but merely resides in a splendid palace, where he dispenses a princely hospitality to all the world. What else does he mean by that pompous salutation?

"Ah, Major! glad to see you. How've you bin? Hain't seen you for a long time. You must stop with us whenever you're passing by. Give us a call. That's right. Dine here to-day?" etc.

Give you a call? Dine with you? Stop with you whenever I'm passing by? Why, you miserable humbug, don't you think that I know what that means? Don't you think that I know it means three dollars a day for board, and a bottle of wine at dinner? that it means a wretched hole at the top of the house, with a hard mattress in it, called a bed-room, where one has to ring the bell the night before to insure its being answered at a reasonable hour in the morning? that it means that I am to pay you all the money you choose to swindle me out of for bad accommodation and chemical Champagne? and that at the same time I am to look upon myself as the obliged person, and my acquaintance with you an honor, and am to overlook or entirely ignore the fact that you keep a hotel, and that you are deuced glad to see it as full as it is?

In spite of your ruffled shirt, and your diamond pin, and your lackadaisical air; in spite of your team of fast horses, and your villa in the country; in spite of your calling your customers by the romantic title of "guests," I see nothing but the landlord in you, pompous humbug that you are! I know that you live by selling cooked meats and letting out rooms. I know that you perhaps began life as a waiter, and rose to a tavern in the country, from which you have worked your way up to the Bunkum House. That in itself is creditable to you; but you do not want the credit of it. You, in a democratic country, want to sink the trade by which you live. If you had lived a few years back you would have worn a white apron, and said "Sir" to every gentleman who stopped at your house. But when trowsers and patent-leather boots came in landlords went out; and this country knew no longer the existence of any person filling such a capacity save that colossal sham, "the gentlemanly proprietor."

### OF HOTEL CLERKS.

If the proprietor is a sham, of course all his subordinates, taking the tone from him, are shams also. The chief aim of the hotel clerk is not to seem to earn his money, as the aim of the proprietor is not to seem to take his money. The hotel clerk devotes his life to trying to look as if he was in the office entirely by accident. He hands you your key as if he was in a dream, and rarely condescends to answer any question that you may address to him. He spends his days like his master, reading the paper, picking his teeth, and indulging ocasionally in a little light conversation with some particular friend who is staying in the house, and who you may be sure has the best room in it. The clerk is generally an appalling example of the extent to which dress may be carried. His shirt is always open-worked at the bosom. His waistcoat is of radiant velvet with perhaps gold buttons, and he wears diamond shirt-studs, and diamond sleeve-links that, if he came by them honestly, must have cost him a couple of years' salary. The splendor of his demeanor to that class of human beings that I call "the occasional guest" is very instructive to behold. The guest arrives with his trunk, weary with long travel, and proceeds timidly to the office. He knows with whom he has to deal. He demands a room. Hotel clerk is reading the Kalloch trial, and does not hear. Demand the second from occasional guest. Hotel clerk turns in the opposite direction, and asks his colleague if he has read yesterday's evidence. A third demand, rather louder than before, from occasional guest. This time hotel clerk condescends to survey him, and having inspected the candidate for board and lodging waves his hand languidly toward a large book which is on the counter. Occasional guest knows that this is a mandate to enter his name, and he does it accordingly. By the time that this ceremony is complete hotel clerk has again become absorbed in the Kalloch trial, and occasional guest has to summon him three times again in order to discover what room he can have. Hotel clerk proceeds with a species of somnambulistic air to the key rack, and bestows number 12,000 on occasional guest. Guest remonstrates. Says he knows 12,000; that it is only a furnished chimney. Hotel clerk says in his sleep that he can't do better, and that if occasional guest isn't satisfied he can go elsewhere. So the guest proceeds humbly to his chimney and has a good time. I have discovered, however, a sovereign remedy for both hotel-keepers and their clerks. It is simply Billingsgate. The fellows are all cowardly at heart, and if you treat them civilly, they, true to coward instinct, will ride over you rough-shod. If, on the other hand, you treat them in the most severe and contemptuous manner they will cringe at your feet. It is, however, necessary to be very earnest in the part that you play. If they detect the slightest weakness or hesitation in your manner toward them; if you let the knout rest for a single moment, they will rebel against you, and you are lost.

## SOME REMINISCENCES OF FRENCH LITERARY LIONS.

SCARCE any reader of books but feels a curiosity to know somewhat of the private life, the peculiar traits and habits, of those whose labors have amused or benefited him. And so it may be that a few stray jottings of my intercourse with some of the literary lions of France may prove of interest to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*.

### BALZAC.

Among the pleasantest recollections of my sometime residence in Paris, is a meeting with that subtlest of the subtle French spirits, Balzac—the terror of the ladies, the secrets of whose hearts he knew so well how to lay bare; the delight of all who care to see life truthfully and vigorously represented.

I suppose every one who has thought at all of the *personnel* of his favorite author, has endowed him with some especial and distinguishing outward features—something which, *we think*, would tell us at once, were we to meet him, "This is *he*." In this way I had long believed in an imaginary Balzac—the fruit of my attentive perusal of his works. And as in most such cases the fancy errs, so when one day I found myself in the presence of the man himself, I was greatly surprised, and, I must own, slightly disappointed.

All who have ever heard aught of Balzac are familiar with his ruling passion for a gorgeous and luxurious style of living. He was not fond of company, except at his own house. To the fitting-up and maintenance of this he devoted his very large income, sparing no expense, and having every thing ordered on the most princely scale. Not only rich furniture, of velvet, and costly woods,

and precious metals; not only feasts, which reminded one of Roman Lucullus, and extravagances which would almost lead one to believe him childish, but gold, gold—this was what the man craved to possess. Heaps of glittering coin were for hours his playthings, and were then sent off to pay extravagant bills, or perform equally extravagant acts of generosity toward some poorer brethren of the quill.

### HE IS HARD UP.

Then, after a long period of continuous extravagance, would come a time when Balzac was poor. His income for the time being was spent; and the gray-beard spendthrift sat down resolutely and alone, in the smallest apartment of his princely but then desolate house, denying himself all company, and living with an abstemiousness which contrasted curiously with his whilom extravagance, till his ready pen had gained for him the means for another episode of luxurious idleness.

It was on an occasion of this kind that I was so fortunate as to be presented to him. Most of the spacious apartments of his house were closed. Where one obtained a glimpse of an interior, every thing was shrouded in dusty linen. We walked through a long, gloomy hall, and up a second stair-case, and finally came to the study, plainly—almost meanly—furnished. Here the author met us, arrayed in a gorgeous dressing-gown, but with hair pushed carelessly back from his forehead, hands held resolutely in his pockets, and an expression of decided bankruptcy upon his face.

I had expected to see a middle-sized man, elegant, finished, and with the clear, sharp eyes of an intellectual anatomist. I found a man tall, massive, and evidently of great strength, whom I should have taken for a retired army officer. The sharp glance was there, but it was that of a rugged veteran rather than of a keen, critical man of society; and nought of the elegance, the ease, and grace of person which I had so fully expected. The great man was in a most unhappy temper; quarreled with his adverse fate, which denied him the wished-for gold; grew eloquent over his misfortunes, as he chose to call the natural results of his extravagance; apologized for being unable to offer us better entertainment than a plain bowl of *bouillon;* and finished curiously his jeremiad by inviting us formally to a dinner, *en grand toilette*, on the eighth day thence. He was expecting a large sum of money, and was already making preparations for spending it.

### HIS OPINION OF WOMEN.

You may be sure that I did not forget the appointed evening. Our host stood by one of the large windows of the reception *salon*, idly drumming with his fingers upon the back of a chair, and receiving with careless *nonchalance* the respectful congratulations of his guests, who crowded about him. Especially unobservant did he seem of the lavish attentions bestowed upon him by the ladies present. Indeed, one of his peculiarities was a real or affected disregard for women. He never courted their company; and although those fair ones whose position permitted to them the liberty joked with and petted him as though he were a spoiled child, he invariably received their pleasantries with an indifference bordering upon rudeness.

"Women," said he, on this evening, to a young lady, who was rallying him upon his indifference to female attractions—"women are the most interesting subjects in the world to the author; but to the *man*—that is a different thing."

When, however, one of his fair tormentors ventured to question him upon his motives for drawing certain characters and incidents, he was especially annoyed.

"Do you know, M. Balzac," said the beautiful young wife of an artist to him, as she seated herself gayly at his side; "do you know, Sir, that I am not at all afraid of you? and that, judging you from your writings, which I have but just completed the reading of, I do not at all believe you to be the inexorably ungallant man they call you?"

"And what do they tell you of me?"

"They say you can not love," was the gay answer.

"*Par Dieu*, madame," said Balzac, as he turned impatiently away, "it seems to me you have been among liars!"

Yet, though many feared him, all sought him. His pithy replies, the sharp, subtle sarcasm which lay but half concealed in the words, made him the delight of those who listened, without venturing into engagement with him.

### THE PALACE OF THE MILLIONAIRE SOCIALIST, EUGENE SUE.

I had been in Paris some time before I found an opportunity to see Sue, the millionaire Socialist, the theoretical Red Republican, and actual snob. It was then a time when Sue was more than the mode—he was the rage. He was at the zenith of his popularity. I, then a young man, had marked with delight his terrible invective against the Jesuit priesthood, in the "Juif Errant," and the continual praise of the poor and lowly, at the expense of the rich and high-born, which forms the thread upon which are strung all his fictions. And I confess to a sentiment of unsophisticated surprise, when a waiter in white kid gloves answered our knock, and bore upon a massive silver salver our cards to the luxurious condemner of luxury and wealth, whom, but a few days before, I had heard deliver, in the legislative halls, a furious tirade against the tyranny of gold over brains and muscle. A more aristocratic residence than that of this self-constituted "man of the people" surely not the best-abused aristocrat of them all could have desired.

It was a real palace. The furniture was of the most costly and luxurious description. In every corner and spare space, in rooms and halls, were statues. The walls were hidden by splendid oil-paintings. Window-curtains of the heaviest silken stuffs produced the genuine aristocratic, dreamy half-light. Articles of *virtu* covered the tables and etageres with which the rooms were somewhat unduly crowded. And costly tropical flowers exhaled upon all a sickly, rich perfume, which smacked of a strong love for sensuous enjoyments. What a stand-point, thought I, as we followed the waiter, whence to show forth the miserable struggle of honest poverty against overbearing wealth!

So we wandered through room after room—for part of my object was to see the place—until at last the servant ushered us into the working cabinet of M. Sue.

There was a time when M. Sue was a handsome man, worshiped of the fair sex. Such an Adonis, indeed, as to cause some envious wit to make upon his name the *calembourg*, or pun, *le bossu* (beau Sue). I was somewhat astonished, therefore, to find myself standing before a man of so unpleasant an expression and general cast of countenance as to be actually repulsive. The broad, gross face, without a single fine line, the dull look of the eye, the puffed-out gentility, somehow put me comically in mind of a tree-frog. Although we had interrupted him at his literary labors, he was arrayed as for an evening assembly. The hair perfumed and curled, the resplendent white collar (it was the day of large collars), the showy silk cravat, the snowy shirt-bosom—all these were unexceptionable. But when I saw this gentlemanly eulogizer of the noble poor holding his pen in a hand encased in the finest spotless white kid gloves of *Jouvin*, I was inclined to laugh. It was as though he feared to soil his delicate hands with the miseries he was portraying.

### DUMAS.

It was during my first visit to Paris that the Monte Christo Villa of Dumas—for some time his favorite residence—was completed. At this time all he did or said was as much public property as the little he wrote, and the much he caused to be written and sent out under his name. This was a life he coveted. To be constantly exciting the public curiosity; to live in this blaze—however fictitious—of notoriety, was the glory of his life. And to retain this place before the novelty-loving public of Paris was the object to which he devoted time and money.

### THE VILLA MONTE CHRISTO.

The Monte Christo Villa folly was a splendid effort in this direction. This villa, to maintain which must have consumed a princely income, contained all that the most extravagant Oriental tastes, grafted upon Occidental ingenuity, could either desire or devise. There were upon this domain lakes and islets, bell-towers and vista-towers, Gothic pavilions, labyrinths, and water-falls. There was in the house an *atelier* for painters. There was a beautifully-fitted theatre, where no plays but those of Dumas himself were brought out—and where, consequently, people soon ceased to go, the tedium of forced attention and applause being too great to be borne. There were apartments for monkeys and parrots, of which animals Dumas had quite a collection. There was a splendid stable filled with finest steeds; and near by, a house for his noble pack of dogs. And in the midst of the grounds there was a famed Kiosk, whose walls were covered with finely-cut medallions, containing the names of the works which have made Dumas famous. Hither the great literary speculator used to retire, to work.

The *salons* and other apartments in the house were all fitted and decorated in accordance with that unique taste for novel luxuries which is the ruling trait of Dumas. One room, long celebrated, was decorated in the Morisco style by two Arab artists, whom Dumas imported for the purpose, causing them to sign an agreement to ornament no other *salon* in Europe in a similar manner. The ceiling of this room was beautifully worked in arabesques, and the side walls were covered with extracts from the Koran, in Arabic letters.

Such was the Villa Monte Christo, the seven days' wonder of the Parisian world, which made delightful pilgrimages to the little village of St. Germain, in whose immediate neighborhood the estate was situated.

Here luxuriated Dumas, the chief of the most extensive and successful literary manufactory the world ever saw—in fact, the only one ever so openly acknowledged.

### A LITERARY WORK-SHOP.

For it has long been no secret—this extraordinary literary fecundity of Dumas. People have ceased to wonder at his productive powers—only to wonder quite as much at his amalgamative talent. It is true Dumas in those days worked with almost unparalleled rapidity. But it was in arranging the works which bear his name, rather than in writing them. He is utterly unscrupulous in the use of another's brains and skill; and makes use as readily of dead as living authors, when these can be made to subserve his purpose. He plans out a novel, say; divides it off into chapters; gives one to this, another to that one of his numerous *collaborateurs;* orders this one to translate, that one to transcribe a dozen (or fifty) pages from some foreign, or long-forgotten author; and in a few days, when each minor portion is complete, makes the connecting points smooth; and lo! "another historical romance from the talented pen of Alexandre Dumas."

So proceeded his literary labors in those days when he was in his glory and prime. The day was a regular succession of excitements. In the morning Dumas parceled out a new romance. Then came the hasty dictation of a *feuilleton* article; succeeded, mayhap, by a letter of gallantry; and this by the reading of a few pages of press-proof. Then visitors, talking with whom he would at the same time plan out a new scene for a play, or look over the manuscript of one of his *collaborateurs*. And so the day was spent.

Some of his aids have become well known. It is no secret that the plots—and more than the plots often—for his best dramas, have been stolen from Sir Walter Scott, from Victor Hugo, Da Vigny, and others. Nor is it a secret, that those historical romances which have most largely contributed to the fame of Dumas as an author, are the product, some of authors long forgotten, some of the fertile brains and ready pens of men of our time who are unknown to fame. Paul Maurice wrote the "Two Dianas," "Amaury," and "Ascanio." Mallefille wrote "Georges, a Romance," and Dumas placed his name upon the title-page and sent it to press, without even reading the MS.; and August Maquet, the most able and versatile of all the literary aids of Dumas, wrote and compiled nearly every one of those works upon which rests the fame of his *chef* as an author, viz., the "Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," the "Vicomte Bragellone;" and even a large portion of the greatest work, "Monte Christo," which has, besides, whole chapters, taken almost verbatim, from the "Mémoires Tires des Archives de la Police," of Peuchet.

Such are some of the mysteries of this literary work-shop. And now the question arises, What says Dumas to such exposures? He cares little for them—and did not even in those days seek to keep them secret.

"It is mankind," says he, "not individuals, who have the inventive faculty. Each individual uses what is already in existence—newly arranges the old material—and thus contributes his share to the general fund of knowledge. A complete creation is a human impossibility. You take freely the best, wherever you may find it—for the man of genius does not steal; he only *takes*, to use.

"I mention this," he continues, "because people who don't understand the matter have wrongly accused me of plagiarism and literary thievery." And so the egotist goes on, wearing contentedly the laurels of abler men than himself.

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## MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Rome, *March* 2, 1857.

Messrs. Editors,—The persecution of mediums, or that class now known in our community as spiritualists, possessing the power of phenomena of various kinds, of which I hinted in one of my late letters, has actually begun in Rome. The Holy Inquisition has made an example of a young woman, condemning her to *twelve years'* imprisonment for, as they assert, pretended visions, revelations, etc., and communications with the spirit world, of an immoral tendency and prejudicial to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. This is but a beginning; and such is the zeal of the Jesuits in this matter, that an English gentleman of my acquaintance, long resident in Italy, and who has been accustomed to experiment in magnetism, does not now dare to speak of his results except in a whisper to his most confidential friends.

It is two years since my last visit to Rome. In this interval I find great progress among the American artists whose studios I have found leisure to visit. Page has just completed to my mind his best picture—the Flight of Joseph and Mary into Egypt. It is small, but embraces a world of tender sentiment and affectionate treatment. Joseph is leading the ass, which stops to nibble thistles by the road side. He has arrived at the summit of a rocky pass overlooking the land of Egypt. In the distance are the Pyramids. Intervening, a wild, limitless desert; behind, in the far horizon, lies the rich land he has left; a bright sun, not seen except in its light, glistens over the landscape, and Joseph shades his eyes with his hand as he looks earnestly forward to his home of refuge. But Mary is wholly occupied with the Divine Child, which nestles lovingly in her arms, looking into her eyes, while hers see only him. Page has employed the traditional colors of the Virgin, but with more of the symbolical accessories of Pre-Raphaelitism. It is a pure bit of nature, loving, truthful, quiet, broad, and thorough—going to the heart and perfect in execution; drawing and color leaving no scope for adverse criticism. Besides this painting, he has tried a morning twilight on the Campania—a difficult subject, but luminously treated. I fear, however, it will darken in color.

William Story has modeled a life-statue of Hero in search of Leander. This is a great advance on his statue of his father, which is in truth but a feeble transcript of the Meander of the Vatican. The Hero, on the contrary, is graceful in pose, chaste in drapery, simple and earnest, and in motion and conception displays more of the best qualities of antique art.

I have been greatly pleased with the designs of Mr. Rogers for the bronze door of the library of the Capitol at Washington. The plan and general character of the ornamentation are borrowed from those of the Baptistery at Florence. He has taken the life of Columbus, and has made an admirable composition, displaying altogether a genius which his sculptures did not lead one to expect. Between the panels are heads of the historians of the period, and in the pilasters, in niches, are statuettes of the admirals and chief companions of Columbus. It requires a daguerreotype to give a correct idea of this remarkable work.

Jones is in America. His studio contains nothing remarkable. The monument for Chicago, though well conceived, is badly modeled, particularly the feet of the child, which are pure Chinese abortions; the mother and child both are in a natural sleep—not dead. His Pandora is, however, more original than Gibson's, and in the lower limbs beautifully modeled and finely draped. Were the face equal to the rest, it would be one of the best modern statues of this character.

Of Crawford's designs for the pediment and other parts of the Capitol at Washington, I regret that I can speak only in terms of unqualified censure. They are unworthy of their intended position and of him, and violate all correct conceptions of art. They are common, even boyish in conception, with no unity of design, and when placed, will tell no story nor excite any sensation except of wonder how they got there, and what they are there for. The sculptor of Jefferson and Beethoven should have done better. It is painful to criticise in this manner one so eminent; but we can never get any true art in America unless we create a high public opinion in regard to it, and disown all pretenses or hasty, crude work, no matter how distinguished the quarter whence it comes.

No men are always equal to themselves. I have been particularly struck with this in Penerani. His angel in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva is the finest work of modern Italian art. It is a *real* angel, such an one as Angelo might have seen in his ecstatic visions; grand, simple, and loving; a messenger of God robed in truth and mercy. Now the man who created this angel out of the impassive marble has just modeled a colossal Christ for St. Peter's, giving him the traditional head, but with coarse, sensual lips, vulgar nose, and a pose that puts the spectator in immediate fear of his tumbling over upon him. As Christ, he has made a great mistake. His drapery is, however, good.

To my mind, the most promising American sculptor is Paul Akers, of Maine. His busts are living, individual idealisms; that is, the noblest and most prominent traits of the sitters are fastened upon the marble in such a way that they speak and feel, or, what is the same, make us speak and feel. Powers's busts are inexpressive beside them. Added to this there is a correctness of scientific execution that completes the marriage of spirit and matter, making it one. A bust in clay, just finished, of Mrs. Belmont, daughter of Commodore Perry, is a most happy illustration of this rare artistic merit.

Akers has been commissioned by a wealthy American to execute in marble copies of the Dying Gladiator, the Sophocles of the Lateran Museum, and other works of the best Greek or Roman art, for America; so we may hope to see on our shores, if not the originals, likenesses so perfect that we may not, as heretofore, fail to appreciate the excellence of classic art. His greatest original work, not yet in marble, is the group of "Una and the Lyon," suggested by Spenser's "Faerie Queene," canto iii., 9, viz.:

> The lyon would not leave her desolate,
> But with her went along as a strong gard
> Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
> Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.
> Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
> And when she wak'd, he wayted diligent,
> With humble service to her will prepared:
> From her fayre eyes he took commandment,
> And even by her looks conceived her intent.

This is the subject; the allegory is Truth. Akers followed a caravan for several years, making studies of a celebrated lion. He has succeeded in modeling the rare black African lion, the true monarch of the wilderness, after a manner that makes Canova's of St. Peter's seem, beside it, but the insipid brute of a menagerie, full-fed and lazy. Akers's is instinctive with forest life. He breathes; he lives; he is real; and the position is such as to display his form, strength, and *purpose* in regard to Una, to the best advantage. He is watching as only a lion watches. Una is beautifully modeled, partially draped on her lower limbs, back naked, and lying asleep, with her head on one arm, reposing on the lion's mane. From whichever way the group is viewed, the entire aspect is pyramidical, and yet the lines are flowing, graceful, and most beautiful. I consider this, so far as my observation goes, in all the qualities of high art, as the best work of American sculpture; and in this I am confirmed by many experienced judges.

Hamilton Wild is a painter of much originality and promise, gradually working himself out of the defects of the French school into a vigorous, original style of much promise.

Tilton continues to be obscure, and with bad figure-drawing, but much genuine feeling for the broad truths of nature. His skies are luminous; his water wet; his suns suggest light; and his atmospherical drawing is wonderful, and coloring true to nature, so far as pigments can represent her. I noticed also great improvement in his rock drawings. He pleases English amateurs, and his paintings go chiefly to England. None of our artists, I believe, have received as many orders as he has this winter.

I had almost forgot to mention Crawford's James Otis, ordered for Mount Auburn. The pose and drapery—that is, the treatment of it—is evidently taken from the Sophocles of the Lateran; but the distinction between that noble statue and the hasty conception of our countryman is too marked, in all that constitutes noble art, to reconcile one readily to the latter. The projection of the elbow is too sharp, and with the heavy cloak, makes the statue too broad for its height; while the costume cumbers the figure to an extent to almost extinguish the *man*. It is like one of Lawrence's portraits—the external wonderfully given, but the soul neglected.

Moshier, in his recent group of the Prodigal Son, has done himself much credit, it being a decided advance on his former works; but in making the son so youthful—say a boy of fourteen or so—he discredits the Scriptural narration of his dissipations, etc., which belong to, at least, the riper age of eighteen or twenty. The back of the boy is well modeled, and the drapery of the father, and his face, good.

I should not omit to mention our woman artist, Miss Hosmer, of Boston, whose monument of a lady in that "sweet, soft sleep of the grave" in which rest and joy are at last found, to be erected in one of the churches here, is highly creditable, and quite confirms Gibson's prognostications of her success. She is earnest, studious, and ambitious. You will see her in America, on a visit, the coming summer.

On the whole, our countrymen at home have much reason to be satisfied with the progress of art among their artists abroad. It is in the right direction; and the more occasion I have to contrast it with other nations, the more convinced do I become of the exalted future opening to America, gradually, through the labors and aspirations of her sons in art.

Cicerone.

## GOVERNOR KING AND THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers, this week, with a portrait of the present Governor of this State, the Hon. John A. King; and a sketch of the presentation of the Hon. Edward Everett to the members of the Legislature.

Governor King was elected, as is known, last fall, being the candidate of the Republican party. His political opponents made capital against him out of the speech he delivered in Convention in reply to his nomination; in which he alluded, with becoming pride, to the blood which coursed in his veins. But the cavils were unjust; for Mr. King's own life, though highly respectable, has been uneventful, and not abundant in actions which might serve as political pledges, while the father's fame did really afford some guarantee that the son would not prove unworthy. The son of Rufus King, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the most strenuous advocates of the adoption of the Constitution, would not lightly be suspected of unconstitutional predilections; and whatever we may say about the folly of ancestral pride, and however degenerate some great men's sons may have proved themselves, the general rule, as exemplified in the largest experience of human life, is, that the son inherits, in some degree, the qualities of the father.

A modest but useful Congressional career was not alone enough warranty for a successor to William L. Marcy, William H. Seward, Daniel D. Tompkins, and the Clintons. The Empire State can expect the very best quality of intellect and character for the office of chief magistrate. Though the office may have been lowered in public estimation by the insignificance of some who have held it, and though the duties are fast becoming matters of mere routine, the tendency of our politics is to render, or rather to keep, the Governorship of the State a stepping-stone to higher political station, and candidates for it should not scruple to set before the world all their titles to regard.

Governor John A. King was the eldest son of Rufus. He went to England with his father, and was educated at Harrow, in the same class with Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and many of the most eminent men in England. On his return home, when his father separated from his party to espouse the cause of the United States against Great Britain, young John A. King became a soldier, and served as lieutenant of a troop of horse, which at one time was the body-guard of Governor Tompkins. After the war he went to the State Assembly for a few years, and afterward to the Senate. When his father was appointed, for the second time, minister to England, he took his eldest son with him as Secretary; but the health of the former failing, he returned to this country, and Mr. John A. King had the pain of closing his eyelids, on his death-bed, within a year afterward. Mr. King then went to Congress, where he earned fame as a working member and a man of spotless integrity. No very striking actions marked his Congressional career; but his record was stainless, and his character stood high.

As a politician, Governor King has latterly co-operated with the Republican leaders; he was indeed one of the earliest champions of the policy with which they are identified. As a speaker, he is impressive and forcible; his manner is good, and his voice sonorous.

JOHN A. KING, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Our artist has chosen a very interesting ceremony as the subject of the second cut. The Hon. Edward Everett, who, by-the-way, is doing about as much as any State in the Union toward the completion of the Washington Monument, was lately in Albany, and delivered his lecture on the Character of Washington there. He is a favorite in the old Dutch city. A larger throng than gathered to hear him deliver the inaugural address of the State Geological Hall, last August, was never witnessed within the precincts of old Orange; and a nobler reward than the oration to which that throng listened, for hours together, rapt in admiration, has never been enjoyed by any audience. It was, undoubtedly, Mr. Everett's master-piece; the day will, perhaps, come when boys in England will study it in their schools. So the Albanians have not forgotten the "golden-mouthed orator;" and when, on his late visit to their city, he dropped by accident into the State Assembly, the house rose, a Committee was appointed to conduct him to a seat beside the Speaker, and members listened respectfully to the few graceful sentences in which he expressed his gratitude for the compliment.

Edward Everett is one of the few remaining links which connect our times with an age of which even the memory is passing away. His public life began as that of Rufus King ended; his great speech, in which he apostrophized Lafayette on his visit to Boston, was delivered only a few months before the disease broke out which forever deprived the country of Mr. King's services. He was then thirty years of age, and already, without doubt, the most accomplished man in the country. In this fast age, when parents grudge their children the bare collegiate course, the term of study which Mr. Everett went through seems almost incredible. He graduated at seventeen, with honors; studied divinity for two years; German and the modern languages for two more, at Göttingen; the humanities at Paris and London for one or two more; modern literature and art, in Italy, for another. Nor did his study cease here. As Professor at Cambridge, and editor of the *North American*, the activity of his mind and his thirst for knowledge continued unimpaired, till the people of Middlesex tore him from his books and sent him to Congress. From that time forth his political career became most interesting to watch. A Congressman for ten years, and noted for the very highest merits, hard work, and cool, clear head; Governor of his State for four; Embassador to England for a like period; finally, Secretary of State—he seems to have fulfilled every position which in this country can be tendered to a man of high character and capacity, save the Presidency alone. And now he is reaping his laurels, quietly, soberly, with dignity, as ready as ever to deliver an inaugural speech, or compose a lecture; flinching from no honorable service, though little prone, either by natural disposition, or by experience, or by age, to espouse extreme views, or adopt ultra-partisan opinions; approaching, perhaps, as nearly to the type of the "wise old man" as any citizen alive.

Those who heard him deliver his lecture on astronomy at Albany, last August, will remember a venerable lady who occupied a seat on a sofa in the front row. Her dress attracted attention by its singular contrast with modern fashions; she wore curious colors, and strange shapes, and a queer old bonnet; she carried a crutch in her hand, on which she leaned forward when the orator gave way to a burst of unusual eloquence; and those who watched her closely could see, on these occasions, that her hands trembled, and her pale cheek flushed. There was something very interesting in this venerable lady with the sweet face, and gentle manner, and strange dress, coming away from her home, at her age, to listen three hours to a lecture on astronomy; and the throng of strangers who had gathered under the tent asked each other who she was? They were told that this was Mrs. Dudley, the benefactress of the Observatory, and the widow of one of the noblest-hearted men of whom the State can boast. She went to the inauguration that day to complete her munificence by presenting another fifty thousand dollars to the institution which bears her name. She heard the ceremonies through. At times, when the speakers gave expression to the enthusiasm which her munificent conduct inspired, she trembled, and her friends looked uneasy; but Mr. Everett's eloquence seemed to enchain her to the place, and she remained to the close.

Seven or eight months afterward, on the very day, we believe, on which Mr. Everett was presented to the Legislature, the illustrious orator was startled by receiving at Governor King's, where he was staying, a handsome piece of plate. It was, he was told, a feeble testimonial of the gratification which a lady had received from his oration on astronomy. We need hardly add that the donor was Mrs. Dudley.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT IN THE ASSEMBLY AT ALBANY.

## PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have been improving myself all this afternoon at the Philharmonic Rehearsal. That Society has now become an institution of the city, and deserves to be considered accordingly. It is remarkable how the love of music has increased among the New Yorkers in the last few years. Is it genuine, I wonder? Isn't there a little love of our neighbors mingled with this love of melody—a little feminine flirtation with this artistic ardor? Don't those who go to listen sometimes remain to chat? For my part, I often think the Society's title a misnomer: instead of concerts, the meetings should be called *conversazione*. What a change, too, from former days, when some grubby little rooms down town were more than sufficient to receive the straggling subscribers; while, at present, the sombre Academy of Music, with its three or four thousand seats, is not large enough to contain the crowds of youths and maidens, musicians and idlers, who hurry there to amuse themselves! The concerts are, comparatively, a serious affair, during which the gentlemen are very active with their eye-glasses, and the young ladies, looking their prettiest, try to sit still and to keep themselves quiet, some few by listening to the music, others by investigating the opera-cloaks in their vicinity, and speculating whether they are really new, or only "freshly done up." All very pleasant, of course. But the rehearsals are another thing altogether—"so truly delightful! You meet all your friends, you know, and have such nice times, and talk and laugh, and do just as you like!" Such is the popular sentiment, I believe—seemingly looking on the concerts almost as a solemn rite, and the rehearsals as some bacchanalian festivity pertaining thereto, in which it is permitted to the maidens to tear up and down the stairs at full speed, followed by their swift-footed admirers, at a distance not always too respectful; while breathing-room is afterward found in the saloons, where the medallion carpets are being rapidly worn-out, and the mirrors constantly occupied by graceful figures "fixing" their shawls, so as to show to advantage "the bend in the back." The rehearsals are certainly "great fun!"

Don't you notice, on Saturday afternoons, the throngs of pretty women, and prettier girls, hastening from all quarters, and converging toward Fourteenth Street and Irving Place? What is it all about? Only Mendelssohn and Beethoven, do you suppose? Ah! my dear Sir, after some years of profound study of the subject, I have come to the conclusion that the influence on these groups of eager ladies is, in its nature, much more philanthropic than philharmonic. It is such a convenient time, too, for the young men and boys, who get loose from their traces at an early hour, and hasten up town to join their fair friends.

I enter this gloomy, ugly, and most unbecoming building, where the darkness is decidedly visible; but I am so late (the doors have been open just eight minutes and a half) that there is no seat to be had except in the rear of some clumsy column, where I may contemplate at leisure its flat relievo and faded gilding. Every body is anxious to have a front place; for if some go to enjoy a little quiet, Platonic sympathy, sheltered by the gloomy galleries and plump, round cupids (may their fat little shadows never be less!), others, to do them justice, are fully determined to see and be seen, and to manifest themselves and their graces to the dimly-lighted throng. Now, as the number of conspicuous seats is not very great, the scramble to secure them is something terrific, Herculean, almost superhuman in its powerful gymnastics. When physical force has done its best, the intellect comes into play, and an adroit disposition of hoops and flounces enables two or three sylphs to occupy the space of ten.

If I approach, I am received with dull glances of disapprobation, or the decisive announcement, "There's no room here!" But it is astonishing, though all space seems long ago to have been completely filled, when the rehearsal is half over, and the masculine gender becomes more apparent, what room is afterward found for figures clad in coats and trowsers.

Really how funny it is to see what little creatures some of them are; little pocket Apollos, many of them not four feet eight, I am sure, got up regardless of expense too; such neat little boots, such full, fashionable little hanging sleeves, and such charming little pantaloons, fitting so nicely and strapped down so neatly, just as complete as if they had been climbing the Hill of Life these fifty years. And how they cross those little legs one over the other, exactly as they see "other men" do, and throw themselves back in their chairs, the strict limits of which don't admit much free and easy gesture, but they do all they can, dear little fellows! It's really quite pretty to watch them. Sometimes the fair object of their—attentions—I can't say *affections*, for they are scarcely big enough to have such a thing about them—sometimes you will see this fair creature look considerably older than these small swains, and yet receive all their small talk with the coquetry and satisfaction that a man of thirty might perhaps inspire—a state of things I can not comprehend. Fancy a "beau" not old enough to take care of himself, and to whom you might say "Dear child!" Now and then they are better mated, for I find myself presently walking over a knot of minute creatures, the feminine part of which, aged apparently ten years, dressed to death, goes mincing along the passages, swinging their drapery from side to side under the weight of their tiny toy-hoops.

"Don't stand in the way, little ones!" I exclaim, in a tone of tenderness; but an indignant scowl informs me that my patronage is misplaced; they are "young ladies" whom I see before me.

Presently a real grown-up young person brushes by in much haste, crying, "Oh, Anna, is there room for me there, or are you keeping a seat?"

ANNA (*with virtuous indignation*). "Oh dear, no; I never kept a seat for any gentleman in all my life! I never do that!"

Anna is as pretty as it is possible to be; so pretty that this little fib does not disfigure her in the least; so pretty, that she is *that* and nothing else—all her vital force being expended on her countenance; and I can not keep my eyes off it, but look at her while she gossips with the new-comer. While I look I listen; and while I listen I observe Anna is not formidable in the matter of brains. But I don't mind that; it is rather a consolation to find a *very* pretty woman downright silly.

Presently the orchestra assembles, followed by the director; the latter rather *recherche* in his costume, the former quite the contrary. When I see a coat fitting so very immaculately, so completely in Watson's best manner, I am inclined to ask whether such perfection can be reached without giving the whole of one's mind to it? During the first few solemn chords, Anna becomes pensive; but after eight bars she ceases to feel interested, and draws off her glove (a close and perhaps painful fit). Then she gazes admiringly at a sparkling ring on one of her pretty fingers, and gently laying the hand in her neighbor's lap calls attention, by signs, to the obviously new possession.

A long-drawn and suppressed "Oh-h-h-h-h! How pretty!"

"Who?" is the next exclamation, uttered in a stage whisper, to which Anna replies, in a very low tone, the pronoun "he," being alone distinguishable amidst the crash of the wind instruments which happen to be in full blast. Not much time elapses before "he" is visible in the distance, examining carefully row after row. The young ladies gesticulate, and beckon, and wave their handkerchiefs, and by dint of great exertion on all sides something masculine makes its way toward them, and may be seen, for the rest of the performance, pleasantly situated between a couple of sweet creatures, and with plenty of room too, which is more than I, of the inferior sex, can boast. From this time all restraint ceases. Whispers become loud talk, and low tones grow into voluble and distinct chatter. It is not much consequence what the programme may be, nor is it any matter what the management may choose to print on very big cards, and in capital big letters, to the effect "YOU ARE REQUESTED NOT TO CONVERSE DURING THE PERFORMANCES;" it is of no importance whatever! these black and white warnings are joyously bandied about from one to another of the lively party, and are treated by all with much contumely and disrespect. Why should one mind what the committee may say? But there is this to be said for them. If the Society itself can not boast of much *American* talent, deficiency is fully made up among the audience, where the native animation of dialogue and brilliancy of conversation are quite remarkable. Listen to a group on my right, the ladies of which are beautifully dressed, and wear hats worth forty dollars each.

YOUNG LADY TO YOUNG GENTLEMAN. "Why ain't you bin to see us this long while? nor you neither?" turning to second young lady.

"Well, the children's all got the scarlet fever, and George and Sarah wouldn't leave 'em no how."

"All right now?"

"Well, them as ain't dead and buried is getting on pretty well."

"Why don't Cordelia come over?"

"Oh! she! she can't stand it! She came once, and won't come no more. 'How *can* you,' says she, 'go there and sit there, hour after hour, and listen to all that fiddlin'? It's fiddle, fiddle, fiddle, and nothing else.' That's *her* criticism!"

YOUNG GENTLEMEN. "Haw, haw, haw!"

YOUNG LADIES. "He, he, he!"

"And a capital criticism, too! She's smart, she is."

"Yes, she says wot she's a mind to, she does; she don't care, whatever it is, out it comes!"

The young lady who speaks so very "out" appears not to be present. I regret that I am unable to see her in the body proper; and casting my eyes further, perceive a coterie very busy about their "inner life," and the "deep, hidden meanings" of certain very discordant passages of the symphony before us. A good deal of hay-colored hair, with luxuriant beard and mustaches to match, mark these individuals as emanating from the great Teutonic family. To them every discord appears to have a poetical import; every crash is literally the crash of doom; heroes suffer and languish among certain chords (not *cords*); and the great Aims of Life (*capital letters, if you please*) are clearly represented to us in those rapid violin passages.

Farther on are some damsels absorbed in their own looks and their companions bonnets; others busy looking for "friends;" others, again, moody and disappointed that so and so "is not to be seen any where." But I must cease. *Harper* cries, "Tis time, tis time!"

But you see the rehearsals are undoubtedly "great fun!" Yours ever.

P.S.—The next concert will be the best of the series; an excellent programme; and we shall all have our new hats. I wish you'd go, dear Editor. Mine is to be green and white, I *think*, and I expect to look very well indeed. You would like it, I am sure.

[Our fair (?) correspondent is rather harsh, we think, in her strictures on the young persons who resort to the Academy of Music during their leisure hours. It may be that Miss Cordelia, referred to above, was a Brooklyn young lady, and was not in possession of a New York beau, in which case it was very excusable she should not regard the violin playing in the lenient manner of those who have admirers by their side.—ED.]

## THE DANGER.

THERE is a glorious city, a city rich and great,
Which stands the gorgeous gateway of a free and mighty state,
Where all may enter in to this Palace of the Free;
There are courts for every nation in this city by the sea!

Its streets are broad and beautiful, its halls are rich and rare,
Its men are great and powerful, its women are so fair
That, walking through its mighty throng, you think there ne'er could be
A destiny like that which waits this city by the sea.

But are her men as good as great? her women pure as fair?
Is there no fatal voice that comes and bids your lips forbear?
No blood upon the lintels, no cry of misery,
That shakes, as with a mighty wind, this city by the sea?

* * * * * * *

"Mamma, mamma," Lucretia says, "I must decide to-day!
Here's Jones, he's good; here's Grant, he's rich; and Brown won't go away."
"Brown!" cries mamma. "Ah! no, my dear, you know that can not be;
He has no money; that won't do for the city by the sea."

"But, dear mamma! I love him, and the others I detest."
"My dear! does not your own mamma always decide the best?
Look at Louisa, married, now, these six years it may be,
And she's not been seen at Newport, fair Newport on the sea!"

"But, dear mamma—" "Don't interrupt; I'll tell you what to do.
You'll marry Grant—you must have wealth—"
"Alas! mamma, that's true!"
"But you'll always want a man about your carriage door to tend.
I'll tell you what you better do—keep Brown for your dear friend!

"Without some such appendage what can poor women do?
Something that can be off and on, like an old easy shoe;
Some one to dine, some one to call, some one to come to tea,
And save us from our husbands in this city by the sea.

"Husbands must work, and that degrades all that we deem refined,
While we go on with music and improvement of the mind.
And without a well-dressed 'friend,' what would the Opera be
In this music-loving city, this city by the sea?

"Then all the morning you can sit in beautiful array,
That all the other women may a proper homage pay.
Have Brown appear to lead you to your favorite Charity,
For Fashion has its duties in this city by the sea.

"Do not descend to haunts of woe; no, no, my dear; the most
Is to have your name associate in the columns of the *Post*
With some entirely stylish thing, that all the world may be
Assured we are not heartless yet in the city by the sea."

So poor Lucretia, married to the man that she detests,
Keeps up a charming friendship with the man that she loves best.
Where'er she goes 'tis very sure that there the Brown will be,
And that is "*Marriage à la mode*" in the city by the sea.

Alas! alas! there comes a cry so full of weighty woe,
It seems to sweep the heavens above and strike the earth below;
It tells of vice, it tells of crime, but the fateful prophecy
Is, that luxury will ruin this city by the sea!

We have no past in this New World, no legendary page
Where ancestors have written how they lived from youth to age;
No "noble Howard" blood, no Montmorencies be;
We are living for ourselves in this city by the sea.

And shall imported vice creep in, to this young world of ours,
As Cleopatra's asp was brought amid the fruits and flowers?
And fright away that snowy Dove whose name is Purity,
From the firesides and the altars of this city by the sea?

No! In this mighty stream of Life, where many currents foam,
One word can clear the turbid flow, and that one word is *Home!*
If that a word of honor and of safety cease to be,
Then woe betide the city, the city by the sea!

## LITERARY.

MIND AND MATTER; OR, PHYSIOLOGICAL INQUIRIES. In a series of Essays, etc., *by Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., D. C. L., etc.*, with additional notes by an American editor. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

This book will repay a careful and studious examination. All discussions of the relation of the mind to the body can only tend to throw a dim light on a subject which we can never expect to understand clearly; but the examination of it by learned and experienced men is always to be regarded as advancing science, and aiding to that most difficult of results, self-knowledge. Among the most interesting portions of the volume is that which is devoted to remarks on the subject of *Moral Insanity*, which has become a prevalent disease in our community. The author draws a distinction with a clearness and force that ought to command the attention of judges, lawyers, and jurors. It is this. A habit of mind may grow on a man until it amounts to insanity; but is he not responsible for its results, when there is no reasonable doubt that he could have resisted and overcome this habit in its incipiency? The author says: "I knew a gentleman who was accustomed to mutter certain words to himself (and they were always the same words), even in the midst of company. He died at the age of ninety, and I believe that he had muttered these words for fifty or sixty years." He also relates the well-known case of a very eminent person who would never pass a post without touching it, and would retrace his steps to touch any one he had accidentally missed. "These," adds the author, "were foolish habits; but they might have been mischievous. To correct them at last would have been a very arduous undertaking. But might not this have been easily done in the beginning? and if so—if, instead of touching posts or muttering unmeaning words, these individuals had been addicted to stealing or stabbing—ought they to have been considered as absolved from all responsibility?"

Various subjects which have attracted attention in America of late years, under the general name of Psychology, are treated of in this small volume, which is much more attractive to the general reader than its title would indicate.

POEMS IN GERMAN, *by an English Lady* (Deutsche Dichtungen von einer Engländerin), are a kind of literary curiosity, hailed by German critics as a flattering tribute to their tongue. The authoress, the daughter of an English clergyman, knew naught of the German language till she had passed her twenty-first year. She then taught herself; and the proficiency which has enabled her to make verses, lauded by not a few German critics, is the result of practice, entirely unaided by foreign help. Such an instance of lingual expertness is deserving of record.

The German literary talent is *industry*. The German producing mind seems less to strive for originality than for the accumulation of somewhat valuable, even though this be, so to speak, obtained at second-hand. Accordingly, the Germans are, probably, the ablest and most expert of translators, and the German reader of the present has access in his own tongue to more of the best authors of other languages than has any other nation. Most of the living German poets have distinguished themselves as well by translations as by original poetry. In a volume just published, several of the most eminent have gathered together a collection of valuable translations of poems from no less than seventeen different languages and dialects. Friedrich Bodenstedt contributes translations from the Russian, old Bohemian, and English; Adolf Ellesin, from the Russian, Illyric, and Modern Greek; Freiligrath (the translator of Longfellow's "Hiawatha"), from the English; Otto Gildemeister, from the French and English; Charles Gödeke, from the Portuguese, Persian, and Turkish; Moritz Hartmann and Louis Pfau, from the Breton; Paul Heyse, from the Spanish, old French, Provençal, Italian, English, and Modern French; Alexander Kaufmann, from the Norwegian and English; Kertbeny, from the Hungarian; A. F. von Schack, from the Persian and Portuguese; Anastasius Grün, from the dialect of the Ukrain; and several others, from one or other of the languages already named. The names of the translators are guarantee not only of faithful and pleasant translations, but, further, of the native excellence of the poems rendered; and the volume will prove altogether a very valuable and curious one.

DRAMATIC SCENES, AND OTHER POEMS NOW FIRST PRINTED, *by Barry Cornwall*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have heretofore (No. 6) noticed the English edition of this new collection of Barry Cornwall's poems, but there is always space to recur to his

exquisite measures. The verdict of a later age than this will rank Mr. Procter far above those who, for the time, outshine him. Originality characterizes every line that he writes. He imitates no one. When the poets of the age come to be classed by future times, he will not be ranked as one of any set, class, or school.

Let him who would enjoy an hour of utter forgetfulness of life and the perfect luxury of dreams and dreamy thought—now gentle, now fierce, now beautiful, now turgid, but always fresh, startling, captivating thought—take this book in his hand, no matter where—in the omnibus, in the office, in the library—and lose himself, as he will be sure to do: for in just such places—in his rooms, his street-walk, a quarrel with a sharp attorney, or a business-row, if he could be suspected of one—did such ideas as these come into the brain of Mr. Procter, and thence find their way to paper:

Nay, fear me not.
I would not chill, with this decaying touch,
That bosom where the blue veins wander 'round,
Nor should thy cheek, still fresh in beauty, fade
From fear of *me*, a poor heart-broken wretch!
Look at me! Why the winds sing through my bones,
And children jeer me, and the boughs that wave
And whisper loosely in the summer air,
Shake their green leaves in mockery, as to say,
"We are the longer livers!"

One more extract we can not forbear the desire to transfer to our columns, and, lest it should be marred by abbreviation, we give it complete:

AFTER DEATH.

Tread softly by this long, close-curtained room!
Within, reposing on her stateliest bed,
Lies one embowered in the velvet gloom!
A creature—dead!
Lately how lovely, how beloved, how young!
Around her beauteous mouth, sweet eyes, and golden hair
(Making the fair thrice fair),
A poet's first and tenderest verse was flung.
Now she lies ghastly pale, stone cold, quite hid
From balmy April and the fragrant air,
Upon the dark, green, silken coverlid;
Her limbs laid out to suit the coffin's shape;
Her palms upon her breast—
At rest!

What cries escape—
What sounds come moaning from the chamber near?
Small voices, as of children, smite the ear
With pity; and grave notes of deeper grief
And sobs, that bring relief
To hearts which else might break with too much woe—
With thoughts of long ago,
Loss of all earthly joy, and sweet love's overthrow!

The miscellaneous poems in the volume are now for the first time published. The "Dramatic Scenes" are not entirely new. The book is enriched with a steel-plate portrait of Mr. Procter, and the preface announces the author's confident belief that it is his last work. Would it might be otherwise!

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The universal interest which is felt in the forthcoming volume of Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa is likely to be gratified by their appearance in a short time. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have made arrangements with Mr. Murray, the London publisher, by which they will receive the advance sheets of the work, and bring it out in America simultaneously with the London edition.

The anxiety of the public to see this work has already led to the issue of spurious books, with Dr. Livingstone's name on the title-pages, professing to be his works, and he has been compelled to publish the following:

Sloane Street, *March* 19.

The principal object of my prolonged sojourn in this country is to prepare a narrative of my travels and discoveries for general information. Great has been my surprise to find a host of pirates start up, who, upon the strength of some few extracts from certain letters of mine, collected without my consent or knowledge, have published what they are pleased to call a Narrative of my Travels, and, by artful wording of their advertisements, lead the public to believe that these works emanate from me. I appeal, therefore, to you, from the high position and influence you hold in the world of literature, to warn the public against such deception. Having already made one appeal of the kind, I scarcely expected to be called on again, but the inclosed advertisement compels me once more

Dr. Livingston.—The Life and Adventures of this remarkable Missionary and Explorer must needs be full of interest, and replete with incidents far more intense than any to be found in the wide range of novel literature, so true is it, that in his case "truth is stranger than fiction," and more startling too. Our readers will therefore be glad to hear that Dr. Livingston's Life and Adventures have now assumed a tangible form, and that Mr. H. G. Adams has been intrusted with the labor of love of seeing the good work through the press. The book is most profusely illustrated by Sargent, Wood, Harvey, Thomas, and other artists of celebrity; and the price, 5s., places it within the reach of all classes. It is published by Houlston and Wright, 65 Paternoster Row, London.

I know nothing of Mr. H. G. Adams, and can only wonder if he can really esteem a work of deception "a labor of love." Nor do I know any thing of Messrs. Houlston & Wright beyond their advertisement, which does not, I think, redound to their credit.

I am, etc., David Livingstone.

The same trick has already been practiced in this country. A publishing house has issued a small and dingy book, in paper covers, as Dr. Livingstone's Travels, with execrable wood-cuts, taken out of Lake Ngami and other well-known works, and utterly destroyed in the style and manner of execution. This book professes, on its title-page, to be by an Englishman, but is copyrighted in America. The preface declares that Dr. Livingstone is too modest to publish, and does not intend to publish, any book of his travels! This fraud has not appeared in the East, but has extensive circulation in the West; more particularly on railroad cars.

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## ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

*D. Appleton & Co.*
Biographical and Historical Sketches. By T. Babington Macaulay. 12mo, $1.

*Thomas N. Stanford.*
The Connections of the Universe, as seen in the Lights of God's Created and Written Revelations. 12mo, $1.

BOSTON.

*Ticknor & Fields.*
The World's Own. By Julia Ward Howe. 12mo.

*Whittemore, Niles, & Hall.*
Poems of Charles Swain. 1 vol. 32mo, 75 cents.

NASHVILLE.

*Stevenson & Owen.*
The Better Land; or, The Christian Emigrant's Guide to Heaven. By Jeremiah Dodsworth. Revised by Thos. O. Summers, D.D. 12mo, 75 cents.

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

## POLITICAL.

### THE CHINESE MISSION.

It is understood that the Administration, through Mr. Cass, have replied to Lord Napier's overtures in reference to co-operation in China by alleging the willingness of our Government to protect American interests in China, and to seek by every peaceful means the extension of American commerce, and the opening of the great rivers of China: but nothing more. A powerful squadron is to be sent to the Chinese seas, and new activity to be imparted to our national interests there. Mr. William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, has been offered the mission to China, and is expected to accept. Mr. Reed is an old Whig, and was Attorney-General of the State in 1839, when Rittner was Governor. He has also been a member of the Legislature, and ran several times for Congress. He is son of the General Joseph Reed of Revolutionary fame, to whom was attributed the well-known saying that "he was a poor man, but that the King of England had not money enough to buy him." He became a Democrat and supported Mr. Buchanan last fall.

### THE SOUND DUES.

The United States have completed the bargain with Denmark for the capitalization and abolition of the Sound Dues. Fifteen years have elapsed since this country first raised the question of their legality. The United States are to pay $380,000 to Denmark; in return for which that power agrees to keep up the necessary light-houses forever. All the maritime nations have concurred in a similar arrangement, and the poor kingdom of Denmark makes altogether $15,000,000 in ready money by giving up the tolls. England alone pays two-fifths of the whole.

### THE MISSION TO NICARAGUA.

It is understood, in well-informed circles, that the policy of the Government in regard to General Walker will differ somewhat from that of Mr. Pierce. The Administration are said to be disposed to aid, in every fair way, the civilization and pacification of Central America, not only from motives of humanity, but with a view to extend American commerce, and break down the monopoly of trade which the English enjoy with several South and Central American powers. Should Walker's successes be continued, it is confidently asserted that a Minister will shortly be appointed to Nicaragua.

### THE GREAT MAIL ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

The Secretary of the Interior is busily engaged in preparing to carry out the acts of Congress for the establishment of a mail route to San Francisco from some point on the Mississippi, and wagon roads to the Pacific.

The roads are to be constructed either by contract or under the charge of a superintendent. In either case they will cost much more than the amount of the first appropriation, which is $550,000.

The southern road will no doubt be chosen for the mail route. The completion of these roads will render certain the construction of a railroad to the Pacific. Responsible men have offered to take the contracts for the roads and for carrying the mail. Suitable men as superintendents of the construction of the roads are also at hand, and awaiting the final action of the Secretary of the Interior on the subject.

### WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Rumor has it that the French mission has been offered to the Hon. John Slidell of Louisiana, whose familiarity with the French language fits him for a residence at Paris. Mr. Belmont's views of this appointment have not been made public.

Colonel Pickens of South Carolina, whose name was mentioned in connection with the mission to England, is now proposed for that of Spain—General Augustus Cæsar Dodge to return to a more congenial atmosphere in his own West.

Mr. Forsyth, whose treaty for paying out $15,000,000 to help establish a decent Government in Mexico has only served to frighten the Spanish politicians out of their senses, is likely to resume his editorial duties ere long. Mr. Rodman Price, late Governor of New Jersey, and a man personally popular, is mentioned as his probable successor.

The Hon. Glancy Jones, having persevered to the last in declining a Cabinet appointment, and displayed equal obduracy with regard to the missions to London and Paris, is now actually named by some utterly reckless persons for a comfortable consulate under the new law.

Mr. Buchanan has received a batch of swords and spears from the Kings of Siam. They were naturally forwarded to General Cass, who knows what a good sword is, having broken his own across his knee at the surrender of Detroit.

### WHAT THE PRESIDENT PAYS FOR HIS GLOVES.

A good lady of Wayne County, Indiana, lately sent Mr. Buchanan a pair of mittens. The President replied as follows:

"Wheatland, Penn., *Dec.* 12, 1856.

"My dear Madam,—I have received your favor of the 5th inst., with the mittens you were kind enough to send me. I accept them with much pleasure as a token of regard from one of the matrons of Indiana.

"To your noble State the whole country is under great obligations for its triumphant support of the Constitution and the Union at the late Presidential election.

"In compliance with your request, I transmit you a likeness of myself, and hope you will accept, as an additional present, the inclosed sum of $25. I trust that, under the blessing of Providence, I may continue to deserve your good opinion.

"From your friend, very respectfully,

"James Buchanan.

"Mrs. Phœbe Webber."

Whether the lady didn't like receiving the money, or was proud of receiving a letter from a President, she published the above, and the Western editors are facetious thereupon.

### THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

As the end of the session approaches business is transacted more vigorously. The New York Charter Bill has passed both Houses, and now awaits the Governor's signature to become a law. The Metropolitan Police Bill, having passed the Assembly, was amended in the Senate, and returned; it is understood that the Assembly will adopt the amendments. The Trinity Church Bill has passed both Houses. It applies the income of Trinity, *First*, For the proper maintenance, support, and renovation of Trinity Church and Chapels, to be disbursed under the sole direction and discretion of the Rector and those Church Wardens and Vestrymen who are elected by the pew-holders and communicants of Trinity. *Second*, The income and the proceeds of the sales of any of her property shall be applied to the payment of the interest of Trinity's debt, and afterward to the extinguishment of the debt itself. The residue shall go to the "general purposes of the original grant." A new Broadway Railroad Bill has been introduced; it is vehemently opposed. The City Hall and City Park bills have been favorably reported, and are expected to become laws. The Board of Railroad Commissioners have recommended their own abolition.

### A MEMORABLE INCIDENT.

An Act was passed on Feb. 27, in the New York Legislature, to legitimatize the children of one Marcus Cicero Stanly; it became a law by being retained ten days without the Governor's signature. On Monday last, Judge Hogeboom rose and stated that the Judiciary Committee and the Legislature had been grossly imposed upon; showed that the Legislature had committed an act of gross injustice and cruelty in depriving a mother of the care of her offspring; traced the career of Marcus Cicero Stanly, exhibiting that worthy in memorable colors, and introduced a bill for the repeal of the act in question. Brief speeches were made by other members, who all seemed convinced of the infamy of Stanly, and, by unanimous consent, the bill to repeal was put on its final passage, and went through, by 85 affirmative votes and none in the negative. The bill was immediately sent to the Senate for concurrence, when Mr. Madden spoke briefly and pertinently in its favor, and it was passed through the Senate within ten minutes after being received from the Assembly, and within two hours from the time Mr. Hogeboom introduced the subject into the Assembly the bill had passed both Houses and received the signature of Governor King.

During the discussion in the Assembly the galleries and lobbies were crowded with eager and excited listeners, and while the bill was before the Governor for his signature Mrs. Fairchild and her two children were introduced into the Governor's room, where they received the congratulations of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Speaker Littlejohn, Mr. Hogeboom, and others, at which the poor woman was deeply affected, and with choking voice and streaming eyes showered thanks on all. Mrs. Fairchild is a good-looking, prepossessing woman, 40 or 45 years of age, and the children appear bright and well-behaved. The boy is about 10 years of age, and the little girl about 8.

### DRED SCOTT IN THE LEGISLATURE.

The Joint Committee of the Legislature have reported very strongly on the Dred Scott decision, assailing the judgment of the Supreme Court. The following extract contains the point of the report:

"The Supreme Court of the United States was established by our forefathers to secure a fair and enlightened exposition of the Constitution, and an independent and impartial adjudication of constitutional questions; and thereby preserve the rights of the several States and the citizens thereof. The influence and power of the Court having now been marshaled on the side of pro-slavery propagandism and against the rights of the citizens of the Free States, it no longer accomplishes the purpose of its institution. The safety and peace of the nation require its reorganization, so as to admit into it a fair and equal representation from the Free States, according to the ratio of population between the Free and Slave States, which can and ought promptly to be done by act of Congress."

The Committee also reported the following bill:

*An Act to Secure Freedom to all Persons within this State.*

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

*Section* 1. Neither descent, near or remote, from an African, whether such African is, or may have been, a slave or not; nor color of skin shall disqualify any person from being, or prevent any person from becoming, a citizen of this State; nor deprive such person of the rights and privileges of a citizen thereof.

*Section* 2. Every slave who shall come or be brought, or be in this State, with the consent of his or her master or mistress, or who shall come, or be brought, or be involuntarily in this State, shall be free.

*Section* 3. Every person who shall hold, or attempt to hold, in this State, in slavery, or as a slave, any person mentioned as a slave in the second section of this act, or any free person of color, in any form, or under any pretense, or for any time however short, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and on conviction thereof shall be confined in the State prison at hard labor for a term not less than two nor more than ten years.

### FRACAS IN THE ASSEMBLY.

A bill is before the Legislature to increase the salary of Governor King's secretary. Mr. Beckwith, of Washington, spoke in favor of it on Friday, and in the course of his remarks he adverted severely to the language of a Republican journal which had opposed the bill. A few minutes afterward the editor, passing through the aisle, remarked to the gentleman from Washington that he would be attended to after the adjournment. With that, Henry W. Beckwith, member of the House from West Granville, Washington county, arose full six feet from the carpet, and struck the editor a powerful blow with his fist. In withdrawing his sledge-hammer, it struck Mr. Cameron, a brother member, who happened to stand too near the belligerents. Instantly the greatest confusion and disorder prevailed. The House became a perfect pandemonium—the lobbies and galleries vociferated forth yells and screechings—the Speaker's demand for order only created the more noise and confusion. Mr. Beckwith afterward apologized to the House; but a Committee was nevertheless appointed to investigate the matter.

### QUARANTINE.

The Governor has been to Staten Island to select a site for the new Quarantine. The Commissioners showed him Seguine's Point, and it is believed that it has been selected. The people of the vicinity protest strenuously, and their property has already declined in value. Many merchants say that the point is so far from the main ship-channel that it would be a ruinous detention and diversion of vessels; that the water in front of the shore is for a mile and a half not more than ten or twelve feet deep, and that even for a distance of two miles there is no anchorage for larger vessels, except in the waters under the jurisdiction of New Jersey. They say the proper place is at Coney Island; that if the hospitals were placed on the extreme point, which is a mile and a half from the main land, and a high wall thrown across the neck, no disease could communicate to Long Island. Coney Island has a bold shore, with sufficient depth of water to float the largest vessels, and is in the direct route from the main sea, so that if the new site were to be here, vessels would meet no more detention or diversion than at the present grounds. Under this arrangement, European vessels could come to anchor and be visited by the Health Officer in Gravesend Bay, while the vessels from infected ports could go through and ride out their quarantine in the vicinity of the Southwest Spit. They say, also, that there being here sufficient depth of water, wharves could be constructed at which the largest-sized ships could discharge infected cargoes.

### OTHER LEGISLATURES.

The Committee on Federal Relations has reported to the Ohio Legislature strong resolutions on the Dred Scott case. One of them declares, "That in the promulgation of the doctrine against which we now protest, we recognize the natural effect of the ascendency of the Slave power in the Supreme Court of the United States, secured by the arrangement of the Circuits, which gives to the Slave States, with less than one-third of the free population of this Union, five out of nine judges, leaving to the Free States, with more than two-thirds of the free population, only four; and we hereby instruct our Senators, and request our Representatives in Congress, to use their best endeavors to obtain such a modification of existing laws as will secure to the Free States their just representation in that tribunal."

The bill passed on these resolutions runs as follows:

"1. That any person attempting to hold another as a slave, directly or indirectly, shall be fined and imprisoned.

"2. That if any person shall seize or arrest, or use any force or fraud for the purpose of detaining any other person, upon pretense that such person is a fugitive from service, he shall be punished by fine and imprisonment.

"3. That any attempt to kidnap, with intent to carry them out of the State, for the purpose of enslaving them, shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary."

A resolution has been introduced into the Ohio Senate to appropriate $100,000 for the assistance of Ohio citizens in Kansas.

The General Assembly of Massachusetts has ordered the Kansas Aid Resolutions to a third reading. The bill to allow Atheists to testify in the courts has passed both Houses.

### THE ELECTION IN CONNECTICUT.

An election for State officers and four Members of Congress took place in Connecticut on the 6th. At the time we go to press the official returns are not published, but it appears that the united Republicans and Americans have carried their State ticket, while the Congressmen are divided. The following is not far from the truth:

*Vote for Governor.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Holley (Union candidate) | 27,939 |
| Ingham (Democrat) | 26,963 |
| Union majority | 976 |

The Legislature is Union by a large majority.

### OTHER ELECTIONS.

Various local elections have taken place throughout the North; they possess little political significance. In Wisconsin and Iowa the Republicans seem to have elected their tickets (the returns have not come to hand); also at Portland, Maine, where city officers were elected; and in Michigan, where State judicial officers were chosen. At New Orleans the Americans have elected their District Judges, the Democrats carrying the Associate Judgeship of the Supreme Court. But the most significant of these local elections has taken place at St. Louis, where Wisner, Emancipationist candidate for Mayor, has been elected by a majority of over 1000 over a Democrat and an American. Colonel Benton has written a protest against such doings taking place without his sanction.

### THE STRONG MAN GOING TO UTAH.

The Mormons are understood to be preparing to make a fierce fight for their faith and their homes; while at Washington matters are tending to a crisis on this subject. It is proposed to send to Utah a military force of twenty-five hundred men, officered by persons of character, who have families, and judges and executive officers of worth and high standing, who have families, are to be appointed in place of Brigham Young and his satellites. These measures will, it is believed, afford ample protection to the Territorial functionaries, and at the same time impart an enlightened and purer tone to the morals of the community. The order recently issued from the War Department, withdrawing General Harney from the conduct of the Indian war in Florida, and directing him to repair to Fort Leavenworth, there to await special instructions, may perhaps have something to do with the contemplated *coup d'état* of the Administration.

### THE GENUINE ORIGINAL DRED SCOTT.

The now famous Dred Scott is a resident of St. Louis. He was brought there by his master thirty years ago. He has been married twice, his first wife, by whom he had no children, having been sold from him. He has had four children by his present wife—two boys, both dead, and two girls, both living. Dred was at Corpus Christi at the breaking out of the Mexican war, as the servant of Captain Bainbridge, whom he speaks of as a "good man."

On his return from Mexico he applied to his mistress, Mrs. Emerson, then living near St. Louis, for the purchase of himself and family, offering to pay part of the money down, and give an eminent citizen of St. Louis, an officer in the army, as security for the payment of the remainder. His mistress refused his proposition, and Dred being informed that he was entitled to his freedom by the operation of the laws regulating the Northwest Territory, forthwith brought suit for it. The suit was commenced about ten years ago, and has cost Dred $500 in cash, besides labor to a nearly equal amount. It has given him a "heap o' trouble," he says, and if he had known that "it was gwine to last so long," he would not have brought it. The suit was defended by Mr. John Sanford, as executor of Dr. Emerson's will.

Dred does not appear at all discouraged by the issue of the celebrated case, although it dooms him to slavery. He talks about the affair with the ease of a veteran litigant, though not exactly in technical language, and is hugely tickled at the idea of finding himself a personage of such importance. He does not take on airs, however, but laughs heartily when talking of "de fuss dey make dar in Washington 'bout de ole nigger."

He is about fifty-five years old, though he does not know his own age. He is of unmixed African blood, and as black as a piece of charcoal. For two or three years past he has been running at large, no one exercising ownership over him, or putting any restraint upon his movements.

### A PEARL FISHERY IN THE JARSIES.

It is said that real pearls have been found near Patterson, New Jersey. Somebody says that one pearl as large as a small marble (not a piece of chalk) has been shown to Tiffany & Ellis, the well-known Broadway jewelers, who estimated its value at $1000, and offered to advance $700 on it. It lacks the peculiar tint of the Eastern pearl; otherwise its value would be almost incredible. The man who owns it has already sold small pearls to the amount of $200. Every body is on the search, and, whatever may be the result, there is evidently no lack of muscle at the diggings; of the amount of brains engaged, we are not informed.

### HE LOVED RUM.

An inquest was held this week, in this city, upon the body of George B. Smith, a young man who, a few hours before, fell dead in the street. The deceased had for some years been an inveterate drinker, and rum finally brought him to his grave. He belonged to a respectable family in Massachusetts, but owing to an unfortunate love affair, was compelled to leave his native village. He came to this city soon after, and, for months, did nothing but loiter about a rum grocery in the Third Ward. On his right arm he had tattooed his name and a figure of two hearts pierced by a dart. On his left arm the words, "*I love Rum*," in large letters, were tattooed. He died of epilepsy, produced by intemperance, and a verdict to that effect was rendered by the Jury.

### A NEGRO BABY BARRELED.

A Southern paper says, that a short while since, a man who keeps a grocery in the vicinity of Fairview, Va., some distance out on the National Road, west, came to Wheeling and bought a barrel of molasses. He took it home and commenced retailing it in small quantities to his customers, all of whom were attacked with a strange sort of sickness, from which, however, they speedily recovered. No one could account for this singular fact until the molasses barrel was pretty well drained and the head knocked out of it, when the whole community was astonished at the discovery of a negro child, about eight days old, inside the barrel. The child was lying in the bottom of the barrel in a state of partial putrefaction.

### WHEN YOU ELOPE, DON'T FORGET YOUR PANTS.

It is said that a young farmer living near the town of Knox, N. Y., ran away on Sunday last with a young lady by the name of Hunt. He left the house while his wife and two children were absent at church. In his hurry to depart he left his pocket-book in "his other pantaloons." On examining the pocket-book, it was found to contain $268, four love-letters, and a lock of Miss Hunt's hair, done up in a true-lover's knot.

### A BRIDE WITH TWO BRIDEGROOMS.

A Tennessee paper announces the marriage of Mr. Benjamin Husky to Miss Susanna Parker, both of Sevier County. *Two* expectant bridegrooms were in attendance at the "auspicious hour," each elate with the prospect of duplicating his existence. It seems that the fair deceiver had so wound herself into the affections of the two, that when "popping time" came round she was unable to resist, so urgent were they in their glorious cause. According to time set, both gentlemen were at the appointed place, both anticipating he brilliant "good time coming" with apparent coolness. The Squire announced his readiness to tie the desired knot by "lead your partner out on the floor," and to the astonishment of the assembled lookers-on, two grooms advanced with eagerness to grasp the fair hand of the cruel-hearted and bewitching creature. After a somewhat animated discussion the two frustrated and almost prostrated aspirants to matrimonial honors concluded to let the lady make a choice, if one she could effect, between the two, which she soon accomplished, and was married to the one she most admired.

### YOUNG AMERICA DISGRACING HIMSELF.

A Maryland letter gives an account of a tragical affair that happened on the night of the 27th ult. The son of Philip Pendleton and a young man by the name of Drain, from Chicago, had some misunderstanding, which resulted in Drain's challenging young Pendleton. He accepted the challenge, and chose for weapons bowie-knives. They nailed themselves down to a two-inch oak plank by the pants, and fought until Drain was mortally wounded. Young Pendleton was cut nearly in pieces, and now lies in a critical condition. Part of Pendleton's knife is still in Drain's head. There is no hope of his recovery. The doctor thinks they will both die. Drain was 22 years old, small of stature, while Pendleton was about 19.

### CONFESSION OF A MURDERER.

R. J. M. Ward, who has been sentenced to death at Toledo for the murder of his wife, has made the following horrid confession: "On Tuesday evening, February 3, Mrs. Ward and myself had some words, during which Mrs. Ward struck me on the head with a fluid lamp, also on the right side of the nose, causing the same to bleed freely. I begged her not to strike me, took the lamp

away from her, and went to bed. We arose between six and seven o'clock on Wednesday morning. I spoke to her about the blow she had given me, showing her where she had struck me on the evening previous, also the blood on the bolster and tick. She said she wished I had bled to death, and, picking up a stick of hickory wood, she attempted to strike me. I warded off the blow, which fell upon my right thumb, laming it severely. The stick fell from her hand, and as she stooped to pick it up, I seized a flat-iron, and, in the heat of passion, struck her with it on the right side of the head, upon and under the ear, driving the ear-ring into the flesh. She fell to the floor, exclaiming, 'Oh, Ward, you have killed me!' I dropped the flat-iron and went to her. She was lying on her side. I turned her over on her back, and placed a petticoat under her head, supposing she was only stunned. I used all means in my power to restore her, but in half an hour she died, having only spoken once, 'Oh, my Nellie!' meaning, as I suppose, her little girl."

### WHAT HE DID WITH THE BODY.

After she was dead, I wrapped her head in a petticoat, and drew the body under the bed, to conceal it in case any one should come in. About half-past 8 o'clock, Wm. H. Nathan, a mulatto boy, came to the door with milk; came into the shop, took the milk from him, and he left. I then went to Liba Allen's grocery, bought a pound of sugar, told him I was going away. I then returned to the house, and after a short time commenced cutting up the body. I tore the clothes open from the throat down. I then took a small pocket-knife and opened the body, took out the bowels first, and then put them in the stove upon the wood; they being filled with air, would make a noise in exploding, so I took my knife and pricked holes through them, to prevent the noise; then took out the liver and heart, and put them in the stove; found it very difficult to burn them; had to take the poker and frequently stir them, before they could be destroyed; found the lungs very much decayed. I then took out the blood remaining in the cavity of the body, by placing a copper kettle close to the same, and scooping it out with my hands. I then dipped portions of her clothing in the same, and burned it together, fearing if I put the blood in the stove alone that it might be discovered. I then made an incision through the flesh, along down each side, and broke off the ribs and took out the breast-bone, and throwing it into a large boiler, unjointed the arms at the shoulders, doubled them up and placed them in the boiler; then severed the remaining portions of the body by placing a stick of wood under the back and breaking the backbone over the same, cutting away the flesh and ligament with a knife. Then tried to sever the head from the body; it proved ineffectual, and I put the whole upper portion of the body into the boiler. Then took a large carving-knife, and severed the lower portion of the body, unjointed the legs at the knees, and again at the hip-joints; cut the thighs open, and took out the bones and burned them up; they burned very rapidly.

On Thursday night I commenced burning the body by placing the upper and back portions of the same, together with the head, in the stove. On Friday morning, finding it had not been consumed, I built a large fire by placing wood around and under it, and in a short time it was wholly consumed, except some small portions of the larger bones and of the skull. The remaining portions of the body were kept in the boiler and in tubs under the bed, covered up with a corded petticoat, and were there at the time the first search was made on Saturday, by Constable Curtis.

Hearing on Saturday evening that the citizens were not satisfied with the search made by Mr. Curtis, I proceeded on Sunday morning to destroy the remainder of the body by burning the same in the stove, cutting the fleshy part of the thighs in small strips, the more readily to dispose of them. On Monday morning I took up the ashes in a small keg, sifting out the larger pieces of bone with my hands, placing the same in my overcoat pockets, which I scattered in various places in the fields, at different times. Also took the major portion of the trunk nails, together with the hinges, and scattered them in different places. I then burned her trunk and every vestige of her clothing, disposing of small portions at a time, to prevent their creating too much smoke.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### THE ELECTIONS.

All England is in an uproar about the elections. The chances seem in favor of Lord Palmerston's riding over his opponents by an immense majority. The English are enraged at the corrupt coalition of Conservatives and Radicals to defeat him. We continue to give brief extracts from the manifestoes on all sides.

### WHAT LORD PALMERSTON SAYS.

In his address to the electors of Tiverton, Viscount Palmerston says:

"The question which is submitted to the judgment of the country is, which shall be the men to whose hands shall be committed the destinies of the nation, and whether that charge shall continue to be confided to the present administration, or whether it shall be transferred to that aggregation of hitherto discordant elements by whose combined action on a late occasion a vote of censure was passed upon Her Majesty's Government?

"An insolent barbarian wielding authority at Canton had violated the British flag, broken the engagements of treaties, offered rewards for the heads of British subjects in that part of China, and planned their destruction by murder, assassination, and poisons.

"The British officers—civil and naval—on the station, had taken those measures which appeared to them to be proper and necessary to obtain satisfaction and redress, and Her Majesty's Government had approved the course pursued by those officers in vindication of the national honor and for the assertion of our national rights. A combination of political parties, not till this last session united, carried a resolution declaring the course pursued by our officers in China unjustifiable, and consequently censuring Her Majesty's Government for having approved that course.

"But if that course was unjustifiable, the British Government, instead of demanding an apology, ought to make one; and, instead of expecting satisfaction, ought to offer compensation to the Chinese Commissioner. And this course the combined opponents of the Government, if their Parliamentary victory had installed them in office, must in consistency have been prepared to pursue.

"Will the British nation give their support to men who have thus endeavored to make the humiliation and degradation of their country the stepping-stone to power?"

### WHAT LORD JOHN RUSSELL SAYS.

At a meeting in the city of London Lord John protested against his rejection by the Electoral Committee. He said, "If I complain of being badly treated, let me say, that if a gentleman were disposed to part with his butler, his coachman, or his game-keeper, or if a merchant were disposed to part with an old servant, a warehouseman, a clerk, or even a porter, he would say to him, 'John, I think your faculties are somewhat decayed; you are growing old; you have made several mistakes, and I think of putting a young man from Northampton in your place.' I think a gentleman would behave in that way to his servant, and thereby give John an opportunity of answering, that he thought his faculties were not so much decayed, and that he was able to go on, at all events, some five or six years longer. That opportunity was not given to me. The question was decided in my absence, without any intimation to me; and I come now to ask you and the citizens of London to reverse that decision.

"It appears to me that we have three questions now put to the country. The first is, whether Lord Palmerston's Government should be supported, or whether it should be replaced by any other Government? My decided opinion is, that Lord Palmerston's Government ought to be supported; and if I had to choose between Lord Palmerston at the head of the Liberal party, and Lord Derby at the head of the Conservative party, I should think it my duty to give my adhesion to the former. The second question which has been raised by the addresses made to the country by men of all shades of opinion is, whether Lord Palmerston should be supported, irrespective of any principles he may profess or any measures he may propose? To that question I should give as decided a negative. But, gentlemen, there is a third question, and it is, I think, the most important of all. Putting aside both the first and second questions, as merely relating to persons and to Ministers, it may be asked whether the great Liberal and Reform party of the city of London, and of all the boroughs and counties throughout the kingdom, should hold fast by their principles, or whether they should now abandon them? I hold that nothing could be so dangerous to that great party as to drop any of the principles upon which they have risen; and that if you have what is called a Liberal party which is not the advocate of any Liberal measures, which is not faithful to the cause of civil and religious liberty, you may be sure the downfall of that party is at hand. It is only by remaining true to your banners—it is only by continuing the course which you have for so many years victoriously pursued—that you can maintain the confidence of the country and contribute to its welfare and happiness."

### WHAT THE RADICALS SAY.

At a Radical meeting at London, Mr. Cobden said: "I heard something said by my friend about certain parties who are what are called the 'Peace-at-any-price party.' I don't know whether he intends to include me in that number; but I thought I had cleared myself from that imputation, because, although I have declared that I thought £10,000,000 was enough to pay for our defenses, yet, if £100,000,000 were necessary to defend these shores from an enemy, I would vote it as cheerfully as any body. But this is not a question of peace at any price; it is a question whether we shall go twelve or fourteen thousand miles off, and rush heedlessly and needlessly into war with a people who are very little able to defend themselves, and who never came to attack you? It is not a war which, under any circumstances, you can gain honor by . . . . . . . . . Lord Palmerston has no other policy. He does not go to the country upon any question of internal reform. The question before the country is, whether you will indorse those violent acts which have been committed in China? Bear in mind that great empires are looking at us, and scanning what we are about to do. We are not now engaged in a war with Russia. That was a fair stand-up fight, where you had enemies that proved your courage; but now we are at war with a feeble nation—a most remarkable people—a people who, though they have carried civilization to a great height, have not attained the art of war. You all know that this nation is at your feet. Will the people of this country, then, with America, France, Germany, and Austria looking at us, show a less sense of justice, a less sense of responsibility and fear of bloodshed than a majority of the House of Commons? Because, let me tell you, that in proportion as we show ourselves acting unjustly toward the weak, just in proportion will be our difficulties in dealing with the strong. I want the people of this country to hold a proud attitude before all the world. I look upon the honor of England as something not to be maintained by blustering expeditions in the Persian Gulf or in the river of Canton; but I look upon the honor of England as being maintained by ever holding a course of justice, whether in dealing with the mighty or with the weak."

### WANTED—A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

The following advertisement appears in the *Berwick Advertiser*:

"Wanted, a candidate for the representation of the county of Berwick in the Commons House of Parliament, the present honorable member not having, as yet, signified his intention of again coming forward. Parties of moderately liberal principles, and having the other requisite qualifications, are entreated to make immediate application."

### AN EPISCOPAL FOSSIL.

It seems highly probable that the people of Swansea will soon be reduced to the necessity of dividing their coal between the dead and the living, by returning to the ancient but rather pagan practice of burning instead of burying their mortal remains. Dr. Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, will be recorded as the man who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, substituted cremation for interment in England. The borough of Swansea, it appears by a Parliamentary paper recently printed, has lately provided itself with a new cemetery, but the bishop refuses to consecrate it until the borough or the Burial Board also provides coaches, or other comfortable conveyances, for the performers of the last solemn services, the Welsh clergy having, it seems, become so like their brethren across the marches, that even their bishop will not hear of their being required to walk a mile and a half, which is just the distance of the new cemetery from Swansea. Meanwhile, the ancient parochial burying-places of the borough are on the point of being closed by law; and the Secretary of State for the Home Department has refused (upon sanatory grounds) to grant any extension of the time for closing them, without receiving a pledge for the opening of the cemetery on a certain and early day. Such is the critical state of things at Swansea; and it must come to the urn there unless the bishop relents and sanctifies the new ground to receive the coffins.

### WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

Thomas Charlesworth, now in the 29th year of his age, owns and occupies a farm of forty acres in the county of Stafford, and pursues the ordinary business of his calling in those parts. In April last year he found that something ailed the milk, that things went wrong in the dairy, that the cheese wouldn't "come," and that the dairymaid was ill. For these facts he seems to have been at a loss to account, until a man upon the farm suggested that there was witchcraft at work, and that a certain James Tunnicliff was the man to stop it. So to James Tunnicliff he repaired, who at once accepted the office, and proceeded to the farm, where, after a few preliminary essays, he presently established himself. The end of it was, that there he remained in the capacity of exorcist till February last, when he was dismissed, but not before he had received for his services some £20 or £30 from the said Thomas Charlesworth, who, now in his better senses, becomes prosecutor on account thereof.

When he first came into Charlesworth's house upon his errand of relief he pronounced incontinently that all the cows (twenty-seven in number) were bewitched, as also two horses, their proprietor, his wife, the dairymaid, and the cheese kettle—a pretty good account, we should think, of the entire establishment. In the case of the kettle and the cows the diagnosis was achieved without sight of the patients, and by intuition alone. The fees asked for a cure were 3*s.* 6*d.* per cow, and 5*s.* each for the maid, kettle, and master of the house. The mistress was pronounced but imperfectly bewitched, and her restoration, it was said, could be accomplished by "taking one bit out of her dress." Altogether some £6 or £7 passed on this occasion. Shortly afterward the whole stock of the farm was reported to be under spells, and this time the charge, owing to the number of patients, fell rather heavily. Fifty sheep, twelve stirks, eleven calves, and twelve pigs (the latter at 3*s.* 6*d.* per head) had to be paid for, in addition to which a crown-piece was put down for the baby. Notwithstanding these investments, things still went wrong, and the master and mistress continued to demean themselves as bewitched from April, 1856, till February, 1857, when the prisoner, in the exercise of some sudden flash of reason, was sent about his more legitimate business. The court sentenced the unfortunate witch-curer to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor.

## FRANCE.

### THE CHAMBERS.

The French Chambers, which, with ironical courtesy, are denominated *Legislative*, drag their slow length along, and noiselessly approach the term of their languid existence. Deputies are, however, beginning to bestir themselves with a view to their re-election, and the Prefects and other agents of the Government are, on their side, on the look-out for men who, if they are inspired by no very ardent attachment to the *régime*, will, at all events, give as little trouble as possible. A canvass is going on, not in the free and boisterous demonstrations of England, to which our attention is so much turned, but in the subdued and noiseless action suited to a system which interdicts all unpleasant expression of the public will. It is but the passing breeze which only ripples the surface of the pool inclosed in a barrier of granite, which shuts out all excess and stops every outlet—the sigh of the wind which merely stirs the surface; not the rude and wholesome gale, which scourges before it the sluggish vapors, and purifies while it agitates. Such as it is, however, there is a movement; the few who have not yet given up the thought of seeing a Parliamentary Government once more in France try to preserve their seats, and hope against despair itself, and the rest, to whom the name of Deputy is also dear, work hard to secure their seats, their patronage, and their salaries. The movement is in great part attributable to the apprehensions of the monopolists that the Emperor is really desirous of making a breach in the barrier of commercial prohibition.

### ANOTHER NEW LION AT PARIS.

The latest novelty in the way of lions, is the priest, Padre Ventura. For some Sundays past his preachings have roused the attention and deranged the equanimity of the Court. The reverend person preaches the Lent sermons at the Chapel of the Tuileries. Louis XIV. gave ample liberty to Bossuet to denounce the vices of the age, and to proclaim the hollowness of Court flatterers and the vanity of worldly pomp. Louis Napoleon could not do less, and the eloquent dominican was given to understand that, if the tribune be silent, from the pulpit may yet be heard words of truth and solemn warning. The duty of Governments toward the people was the subject of the first discourse, and the select congregation could hardly believe their ears when they heard his strong condemnation of the system of Napoleon I. in the presence of his successor. The unbounded and selfish ambition, the disregard of the obligations of a ruler, and the incalculable disasters his system brought on the millions under his sway, were set forth. It was amusing to witness the astonishment of the ladies and gentlemen in attendance at the audacity of the preacher. Their features turned every color of the rainbow, and glances were furtively cast at the Emperor. He, however, betrayed no emotion; he listened throughout with the same calmness as if the sermon was but a strain of eulogy. The preacher at last relieved the apprehensions of the attendants by returning thanks to Heaven that France had now a ruler whose policy was of a different character, etc. It is to the credit of the Emperor that Father Ventura continues to preach. The congregation is small and necessarily select, and it is doubtful whether such sermons would be allowed in the more thronged churches of the Madeleine, St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, or Notre Dame. It is to be hoped he will still wield the scourge.

### EUGENIE JEALOUS AGAIN.

The Grand Duchess of Baden is expected in Paris, and apartments are prepared for her at the Tuileries. Her arrival may have a beneficial influence on the morals of the Emperor, which at the present moment are said to be in imminent danger from the great attraction of the Spanish beauty, Madame la Comtesse de Castiglione. Even the sun has its spots, and the blemish on the Emperor's purity is said to be his utter incapability of resisting the influence of beauty. Those who are well acquainted with the Emperor's passages to and fro, do assert that the state of this fair dame's dark eye is like the smile of Cleopatra on Mark Antony—almost magical in its influence. "Oh that my mother had brought me here three years ago!" she has been heard to say, "and I, too, should have had a chance of the highest place in France." To one's own dull mind it is difficult to believe that a man whose mind must be so preoccupied—who sits so high in an atmosphere of unseen daggers—who has gone through so many and such great things to attain his present dizzy eminence—can have space in his heart for such follies; but the fact is roundly asserted, and moreover, that the beautiful Eugénie is most unmistakably jealous.

### ANOTHER GORGEOUS BRIDAL TROUSSEAU.

A Paris letter of the 26th ultimo says: "The approaching marriage of the Sultan's daughter with the son of the Pasha of Egypt has given an immense impetus to the *haut commerce* of Paris. The Sultan, with an unexampled generosity, has given commissions to the extent of four-and-twenty millions of francs for jewels and embroideries destined for the bride. The cup from which the bride drinks on her wedding morning is already executed, and is valued at thirty-two thousand pounds sterling. It is of a pea shape, pure gold, incrusted with diamonds of the largest size and finest water. The top is bordered by a fringe of diamonds, all of equal size and immense value. These hang detached from the cup, and move and sparkle in a constant flutter. Nothing more beautiful than this cup has ever been produced. The bridal slippers, of cloth of gold, embroidered in millions of diamonds, have also created a sensation among the sight-seers of Paris. They entirely confirm the tales of Eastern magnificence which we have been accustomed to read with the impertinent incredulity of European ignorance; and as we look around the room at Mayer's, where these wonders are displayed, we believe, like Hassan the shepherd, that all things are possible to his Highness the Padishah. The wedding robe has not yet arrived from Lyons, but the jeweled border, which is to surround it, is already completed, and it is absolutely dazzling in its magnificence. By the Sultan's desire this border, which is of an arabesque pattern, is made to contain specimens of every precious stone at present known under the sun; and the design is so beautifully carried out that, although as many jewels are collected together as the space will hold, yet they do not seem overloaded or crowded together in any way."

### A CLERICAL LOTHARIO.

Another letter from Paris says: "One morning lately every newspaper office of Paris was visited by a Government messenger, who, in breathless haste, forbade them to print a word of the news which had just arrived from Meaux. The *grand vicaire* had fled with one of his fair penitents, Mademoiselle Vacquerin by name, and one of the most beautiful girls in the place. What makes the affair so terrible just at this moment is that this intrigue of the *grand vicaire*, which forms one of the accusations upon which Verger based his proofs of the corruption of the clergy, breaks out just as Verger and his damning proofs were beginning to be forgotten. The young lady, who has refused the most brilliant offers of marriage, and who is possessed of a large fortune in her own right, has, by the advice of her paramour, who is supposed to have been her lover ever since she first attended his confessional five years ago, only waited until her coming of age, and the transfer of her money from the hands of her relations into her own, to take this extraordinary and decided step. The *grand vicaire* is a tall, handsome man, of good family. The fugitives have landed in England; and rumor declares that the reverend father has written to his bishop, announcing his intention of his *froc aux orties*, and threatening, on the first sign of persecution or annoyance on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities, to issue a public confirmation of all the 'horrible calumnies' which were suppressed in Verger's trial."

### DEPARTURE OF THE SPIRITS.

The American, Hume, who has made such a sensation by spirit-rapping at Paris, and has even obtained many interviews with the Emperor, has left Paris, his sojourn, on the whole, having been extremely profitable to him. One of the reports concerning his last visit states that "he caused the hand of a lady to be pressed by the hand of her husband, who lies buried in a distant soil." At some places, however, practical jokes were played upon him. For example: on one occasion, after he had been triumphing in his success, he was told that the person whose presence and conversation he professed to have secured was an imaginary personage in a romance by Chateaubriand.

### ARGUMENTUM AD VENTREM.

We gave in a late number an account of the banquet given to various eminent literary men in France by the millionnaire Millaud. It seems it was a good investment. Before the event came off a report had gained circulation that each *convive* was to find under his plate a thousand franc bill. To this report M. Millaud attributes the abstention of many of the really distinguished men invited, the two Dumas, Jules Janin, M. de Girardin, and others. In the long list of those who bit at this open bid for popularity we see the names of Mery, Ponsard, Baron Taylor, the Duke of St. Simon, Theophile Gautier, Emile Augier, Amedee de Cesena, Granier de Cassagnac, Paul de St. Victor, Cremieux, Michel Levy, Nestor Roqueplan, and a host of other men of high standing in the world of letters. Ever since the great event the journals and the public are filled with M. Millaud. You can not open a printed sheet that does not sing the praises of M. Millaud in song, in prose, or in toast. But the most humiliating part of this exhibition has been afforded by M. Mery. This gentleman, a member of the French Academy, and one of the first of living poets, not only prostrated himself before the golden calf, but he made a speech at the dinner in glorification of mammon and its representative, the host. To render his position still more humiliating, he subsequently published a *feuilleton* in the *Presse* on the now defunct Frascati's, in which there were whole columns of brilliant poetic improvisations and classical allusions, and which he terminated by saying that all this was spiritually recounted to him by M. Millaud, the new proprietor of that once famous house! So M. Millaud has gained his point.

## TURKEY.

### MURDER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

A few days since a spy for the Austrian embassy was stabbed with a dagger just as he was leaving the theatre. This was at eleven o'clock. He was escorting his two daughters home, and a man servant was walking before them with a lantern. The man suddenly received a blow on his hand, which made him drop the lantern, and then the blow with the poniard was instantly given.

## CHINA.

### THE POISONING AT HONG KONG.

The Chinese papers give details of the arrest and interrogatories of the Chinese baker, who was executed for poisoning bread at Hong Kong. He stated that he acted agreeably to the orders of the Viceroy, brought him by a satellite of the Mandarin.

The orders informed Allum, the baker, that the English having declared war, it was his duty to assist in their destruction: that the soldiers used fire and sword to fight them, and he was to use poison. If he disobeyed these orders his family at Canton would be thrown into prison, and his property confiscated. He made two kinds of bread—one poisoned for the English, which was involuntarily given to the other foreigners, and another kind only for the Chinese.

### A CHINESE JOKE.

A private letter from Hong Kong says: "A capital tale is told of ——'s campradore. On the morning the bread was poisoned ——'s boy ran into his room, telling him not to eat any, as it was poisoned. —— rang for the campradore to ask him about it, and the man promised to investigate the matter. Half an hour elapsed, and the campradore did not return. His master walked down stairs, and asked him if he had discovered any trace of poison. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Indeed! and how did you find it out?' 'Oh, I have given one half loaf to that small boy, and another half to that coolie.' 'And why have you done that?' 'Oh, that small boy has no father, mother, sister, or wife. If he do die, what matter? Coolie all the same same.'"

## JAPAN.

### THE BRITISH FORCE THE OYSTER OPEN.

The *Journal des Débats* gives the details of the reported British difficulty on the 11th of December. Two English vessels-of-war, after having visited the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi, appeared before Nangasaki, but were refused admission by the Governor. The captains, however, penetrated into port, and anchored within gunshot of the land batteries, where they remained without hostility.

The next day they repaired, with a numerous fleet, to the residence of the Mandarin, who refused to receive them, but sent word that if they had any complaint to make he would forward their representations to the Imperial Court, and transmit to them the reply. The captains wrote to Yeddo to claim the right of remaining some time at Nangasaki in conformity with the treaty. In a fortnight the Emperor's answer arrived, announcing that he had given orders for the three ports of Simoda, Hakodadi, and Nangasaki to be open to the vessels of France, England, and the United States. Such vessels were permitted to refit there, to take in provisions, and to trade to a certain defined extent, but the crews must not go into the interior.

## SANDWICH ISLANDS.

### A FAUX PAS IN HIGH LIFE.

Some few nights since, His Most Gracious Majesty King Kamehameha IV., of the Sandwich Islands, was pleased to let it be known that he would hold an evening reception at the palace. Among those who figured in receiving the guests of the crown was the Princess Royal Victoria, sister to the King and Premier of the kingdom; also Prince Lott Kamehameha (brother to the King and to the Princess Royal), commander-in-chief of the army of the kingdom and heir-apparent to the throne. Those two distinguished personages were the principal actors in this grand entertainment.

Among the invited guests and privileged characters that surrounded the throne was one M. C. Monserrat, an Irishman of auctioneer distinction in these islands, and military aid to Prince Lott, the commander-in-chief—a gentleman, of course, of gallant and noble bearing, fine person, and lofty pretensions. Well, after the evening had somewhat advanced, Her Highness the Princess Victoria excused herself to her gay companions, and retired to her own apartments. Shortly afterward our gallant auctioneer also took leave of the royal presence of the King and Queen. The circumstance seemed a little singular, and Prince Lott, the brother of the Princess Victoria, seeing something that awakened his suspicions, took with him the King's Lord-chamberlain (a man named Neilson, of New York memory), and the two repaired to the door of the bedchamber of the Princess Royal; and finding their suspicions still further excited, burst the door open, and there were the guilty pair (the Princess and Monserrat) sure enough.

The crash of the door brought the King and his royal consort to the scene. The King proposed the instant death of Monserrat by shooting. The son of the Emerald Isle unfolded his bosom, and, admitting his guilt, told them to execute their threat. Thereupon a parley ensued; the Princess defending her paramour warmly, and threatened the royal pair, as well as her distinguished brother, with her power as Premier of the kingdom, if they injured one hair of his head. Finally a duel was talked of, and at last banishment from the kingdom agreed upon by all parties; whereupon our gallant M. C. Monserrat took his departure on board the *Fanny Major* for San Francisco.

### THE PRINCESS TAKES IT COOLLY.

"I saw the Princess to-day in her carriage before one of our fashionable dry goods stores, with one of her female companions by her side, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. This startling intelligence first became known on Saturday, the 24th of January, and the next day after the departure of our gallant for San Francisco. The day following was Sunday, and, at the meeting of the congregations of the different churches of these Evangelized Islands, the nods, winks, and smiles among the fair ones can be better conceived than described. The old matrons drew deep and heavy sighs.

"The Princess is a young woman, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, of middling stature, handsome form, and somewhat graceful in her manners, but no beauty. She is quite dark, with thick lips and dark, heavy eyes and eyebrows, and resembles a dark mulatto. She is the daughter of the present Governor of this island, Oahu, by his first wife, who was the reigning Queen of this kingdom during the minority of Kamehameha III. She is the richest person in the kingdom. It was probably her wealth and her power, as premier of the kingdom, that enabled her to hold at bay her two royal brothers, when they had determined on the destruction of her paramour, for she told them in the midst of the scene, standing in her dishabille, with a firmness worthy of a better cause, that if they laid violent hands upon Monserrat, she would shake the throne to its centre, and dash the royal diadem from the brow of her noble brother. To banishment she consented. The Princess is all-powerful among the natives. Her father, the Governor, and her two brothers, the King and Prince, are the finest-looking natives on the islands. They all, as well as the Princess, have an English education, and speak the language well."

# A RANGER'S LIFE IN NICARAGUA.

HALF-WAY HOUSE, BETWEEN VIRGIN BAY AND SAN JUAN DEL SUR.

## THE NIGHT ATTACK AT MUIGALPA.

THE responsibility naturally devolved upon the person highest in rank on the island, but Baldwin continued to be the only officer who bestirred himself. He remained virtually in command, but in a manner with his hands tied, and unable to enforce the necessary discipline. News came that the natives were assembling in force on the north-east side, and preparing to attack us. These rumors did not affect the generality, and were listened to with indifference. Baldwin managed to draw up some twenty volunteers, who assembled on the Plaza and made a meagre show. Meanwhile, no guards were set, and I believe he was himself the only patrol. This state of things continued for several days, until a message from Virgin Bay informed the commander of the place that a boat-load of arms and ammunition had been sent to the islanders from Rivas, at that time occupied by Costa Ricans and Nicaraguans. Two or three days after the receipt of this intelligence a single sentry was posted on the trail leading in from the east. There were no other preparations for defense. Nor were any scouting parties sent out to watch the movements of the islanders.

In our internal administration we were more successful. The third day after the landing four hundred pounds of salt were discovered concealed in the hut of a native. This was "a special Providence." Beef, eaten without salt, is unhealthy, even for those who can endure it; but in feeble constitutions it produces diarrhœas. We established two commissary stores, with a cookshop appended to both. We killed two beeves a day, morning and afternoon, cut them up and distributed the rations in a style that would have done credit to a Fulton Market butcher. A volunteer stood by the salt and gave it out in handfuls. Not less than six hours of each day were passed in these ordinary but indispensable preparations, and in cooking. The food for the sick, who were two-thirds the population of the village, was prepared in one place, superintended by a French gentleman, whose polished manners and excessive kindness were alike remarkable. After the trunks and boxes had been brought up to the village, small parcels of tea, coffee, pepper, and bread made their appearance at ladies' and officers' messes. But these were private stores, and very soon exhausted. Nine-tenths of the invalids subsisted upon beef and the green plantain of the tropics, called *verdis*—which are the staple food of the Indian races, but disagree with most northern constitutions, predisposing to fever, diarrhœa, and dysentery, and producing a peculiar swelling of the epigastric region, with excessive flatulence and colic wind. For convalescents, except in rare cases, this diet is intolerably bad. A few chickens were taken up by foraging parties and given up to the wounded in the hospital.

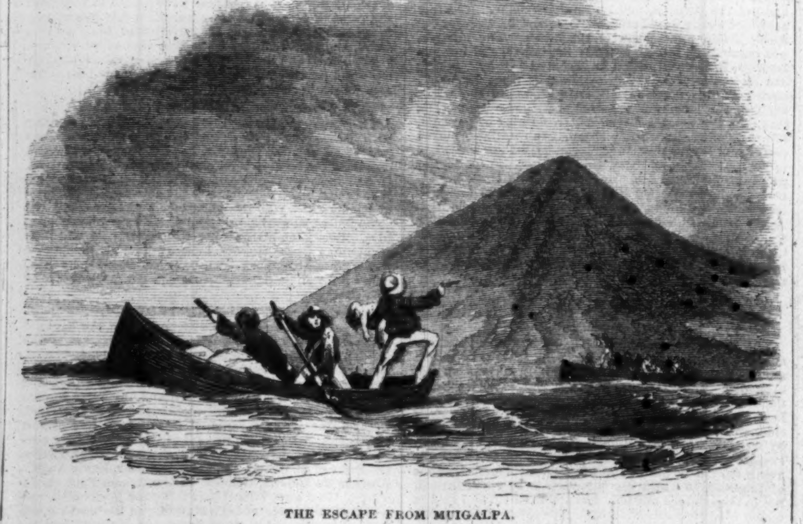
A small schooner, capable of carrying eight or ten tons of merchandise, had been hauled up on the landing-place, and was undergoing repairs. The men engaged in this work had been solicited by Walker—a request equivalent to a command—to repair his vessel, which was old and decayed, without pay, and were in no very good-humor with themselves or their employer. It was certain that, in case of an attack, these men would take off with them the only good boat on our side of the island. Others had announced a similar intention, and the children and women had consequently no means of escape. The steamer, expected daily, did not arrive. Day after day passed away in anxious conjectures. Perhaps the rifles had been overpowered at Granada, or even Virgin Bay itself invested. In that event every American on the island would be destroyed. Symptoms of ill-disguised terror and deep dissatisfaction became visible in the conversation and faces of the men, breaking passionately through that rough *brusquerie* of manner which is the characteristic of the military adventurer, and more especially of Americans engaged in desperate enterprises. Something must be done, if it were only to secure a better state of feeling upon the island.

At this juncture Baldwin, having gone through the formality of obtaining permission from the officer highest in rank, took a canoe and three men, myself among the number, and sailed for Virgin Bay, expecting to find Walker at that point, and to obtain from him the necessary aid. I had kept no journal of days, but remember only that we had been some eight or ten days on the island, and were now in the last of November. Walker was sure to be in Virgin, expecting the reinforcements from New Orleans.

STARVATION.

After an easy voyage of three hours before the steady northeast trade-winds, our boat struck the wharf at Virgin Bay about the middle of the afternoon. As we were going up the long wooden pier toward the Transit Company's storehouse, I could not forbear noticing the *dress* of the intelligent officer whose services at Sarapaqui and at Ometepé had given him so high a position in our esteem. A shirt as dirty as my own—which is the worst I can say for it; a pair of ragged, coarse pantaloons, large enough for a giant, pinned, tied, and buttoned over about his small waist; a wide-awake hat that a beggar would not have picked up; and a pair of boots bursting into large holes, he seemed to be quite unconscious of the wretchedness of his appearance, which belied the masculine force of his scarred features, and short, powerful frame. Baldwin, Fayssoux, and many others that I saw in Nicaragua, have all the external traits and characteristics of romantic heroism; and I think no body of men could be found with more of personal beauty and physical power than the better class of the Nicaraguan adventurers. I saw among the dead, whose corpses strewed the earth at Muigalpa, forms and features of men which it was impossible to look upon without wonder and admiration. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find any where in the world a finer looking body of men, or with more striking traits of personal and physical character than the American filibusters.

We found no consolation and no prospect of assistance at Virgin Bay. One-half the men stationed there were in hospital with wounds and fever, provisions scarce to an alarming degree, and no luxuries or condiments to be procured for love or money. The move to Ometepé was a failure. Another move of the entire body of patients to St. George must take place, with probable repetition of all the horrors of Muigalpa. Walker was on the steamer lying off Granada, watching the operations of Henningsen. All the news was of a bad character, and Rivas was still in possession of the allies. Only one hundred and fifty able men could be counted on at Virgin Bay, exclusive of some twenty citizens—the reinforcements from New Orleans had not arrived, but were daily expected. The rifles and ordnance corps were shut up in Granada, with small chance of escape. The next day, finding no relief in Virgin, Baldwin returned to the island. I told him that I should apply to Walker for a passport and should undoubtedly be refused, but that in any event, after a virtual imprisonment of half a year in the Gehenna of filibusterism, I should take my chances of escape; let others do what they thought best. We took leave of each other as friends do who may never meet again.



THE ESCAPE FROM MUIGALPA.

For three days, while waiting for the return of the steamer from Granada, I heard nothing from the island. The fourth day, if I remember rightly, Captain Regan, bringing a dead child in his arms—his wife was among those who perished on the island—and with him the captain of the military band on a mule, also bearing his wife quite senseless, Charles Docherty, and one other, came ashore, from the direction of St. George, in a canoe. In conversation with each of these persons I gathered the following particulars.

At about three o'clock in the morning of the preceding day, Charles Docherty, who had occupied the same hut with Captain Regan after the death of his wife, was waked by a noise of firing in a southeast direction, seeming to come from a house occupied by Mrs. Carson and her children. Another volley was then heard close at hand, and in two or three different parts of the village. The night was dark, there being no moon. Then followed a terrified rush of men, women, and children, with screams and outcries, the *huppa* or war-cry of the natives, and a tendency of all toward the lake shore. Among the number running down to the shore were many who were relied upon for the defense of the island, but who seemed to have been seized with a panic fear, and refused to stop or make any effort for defense. It was evidently the desire of all, and of each individually, to take quick possession of the two large canoes that lay at the landing, these offering the only possible means of escape. Others ran into the forest and thickets, remained hidden until daylight, and then made their way to the shore. The situation of those who had women, invalids, or children to protect, was painful and embarrassing. It was cruel to desert their charge, as they knew not on what quarter to expect an attack, and yet it was the duty of every armed man to repair to the church upon the Plaza, the point of rendezvous. Those who hastened to the beach were not pursued by the attacking party. Captain Regan with the body of his dead child, and the captain of the band, with his wife, were assisted along the shore for a distance of half a mile—sometimes wading up to their waists in water—by two men, of whom Charles Docherty was one. They heard the natives *huppaing* and firing, and supposed the massacre to be general. About daylight they found a canoe without paddles, and rowed off with the butts of their guns. The natives came down to the water's edge pursuing them. These were mounted lancers. They were pursued, as daylight advanced, by an armed canoe; but at the moment they were thinking that all was lost the steamer hove in sight, paused a moment at their signal, and then passed on her way. As soon as the armed canoe saw the steamer, it put back again and disappeared.

This canoe made its way over to St. George, carried partly by the current. Docherty went ashore and cut reeds to use instead of oars; he was pursued and nearly taken, but the whole party escaped, and arrived utterly sick and exhausted, after passing a night and day on the lake, exposed for thirty-

six hours, in continual labor and terror, without food or cover, to the night rains and the violent heat of the sun.

To return now to the island. By the first fire of the natives only one man was killed and one wounded. The attacking party were terrified by the numbers of armed men whom they saw starting up on all sides and moving in several directions; and being wholly unused to warfare, they fell back into the bush, and when quiet was restored and the lower part of the village mainly deserted, began plundering the baggage of the officers and breaking open the hospital stores. They carried off a large quantity of clothing, and nearly all the money there was on the island, amounting to about twelve hundred dollars. The women, who had escaped to the shore of the lake, wandered up and down in great distress, expecting every moment to be overtaken and killed. Among these were said to be the wife of General Fry, and of Captain Morris, and a number of other ladies, who at first took refuge in the iron launch, but soon quitted that and remained on the shore. Most of these were hardly covered, having fled suddenly without their clothing. Meanwhile the five or six careful heroes who were engaged in working upon the schooner took the best boat, a canoe capable of holding fifteen or twenty persons, and put off, brutally refusing to the frightened, half-naked women, the privilege of saving their lives. What may have happened to these gallant gentlemen afterward I could never learn, and in fact it is hardly worth the inquiry.

With great difficulty Captain Baldwin and Colonel Skerrett, who was so ill that he had to be supported while giving orders, says my informant, succeeded in rallying their scattered forces at the church, and at daylight, getting sight of the natives, opened a fire upon them, by which an American woman was unfortunately shot, and a number of the islanders killed and wounded. Not liking this hot work, and well satisfied with their rich booty, the attacking party quietly withdrew, after a desultory skirmish of two or three hours, and nothing more was seen of them. It was reported at Virgin Bay that orders had been sent over from St. George for the islanders to kill all the Americans, sparing neither sex.

COLONEL SKERRETT.

Colonel Skerrett is reported among those who have retired from the filibuster service, and resides in San Francisco. He was one of those *raræ aves*, unique men, who are to be met with only in the camp or on the border, and of whom the expedition of Walker has destroyed a great number. Skerrett is well advanced in life, his hair and beard iron-gray, and lines of middle age furrowing his face. Utterly unassuming and simple in his manners, he retains more of that aristocratic reserve which characterizes the best blood of Ireland than any person I have known among his countrymen. Long years of military endurance in the border service of Texas, and recent severe attacks of malarious disease in Nicaragua, have impaired his constitution, and given an expression of lassitude and stolidity to his features. Without political ambition, he seems to have been satisfied with military life, winning for himself always the highest social regard. He was one of the favorites of the army—a rigid disciplinarian, jealous of rank, scrupulous in etiquette, punctilious in word, manner, and even in thought. Among the clique of sycophants that invest a voluntary despot, Skerrett found himself *de trop*, almost a cipher in command, yet acknowledged first in the qualities that sustain it. He remained out of service for many months, in consequence of some unhappy difficulty with a brother officer more faulty than himself. Able to command an army, he rode up to the barrier, at the rescue of Granada, a mere volunteer, under the hottest fire of the forlorn hope. Some men bear a charmed life, and it appears that the destiny of this soldier is not to fall by stroke of lead or thrust of steel.

While yet a mere youth, at New Orleans, having a commission in the rising service of Texas, he was grossly and intentionally insulted by a French or German bravo, an invincible master of the broadsword. Driven to desperation by the insults of this butcher, who thought by a single sweep of his formidable blade to decapitate his antagonist, Skerrett sent a challenge, and accepted a weapon of which he knew neither the weight nor the management. Contrary to the earnest and threatening remonstrances of friends, the meeting took place. Receiving the first terrible cut of his adversary, which hacked out a large piece of the bone of his lower jaw, and had he not lowered the chin would have cut his head off, Skerrett made no parry, but simply passed his own blade through the body of the bravo, who fell, exclaiming, "He has killed me after all!"

While in command of the American garrison at Leon, Skerrett was insulted and attacked by a Kentuckian. As commander of the garrison, the Colonel put the offender under arrest, according to the established custom, but the next day sent an order to have him liberated. Meeting him accidentally the next day, Colonel Skerrett very mildly called him to account for his ungentlemanly behavior, expecting, of course, that he would apologize, as having been excited by liquor. The apology was flatly refused, and the result as usual in such cases. The next day came a pompous and absurd note demanding satisfaction. The Colonel, very much amused at the message, and seeing straight into the real character of the sender, made brief answer in the terms of "To-morrow morning; Derringer pistols; *ten feet.*" That horrible "ten feet" finished the business. He heard no further from his challenger.

Naturally and on principle averse to the bloody practice of dueling, this estimable gentleman was the means of composing many quarrels in Granada and elsewhere, which would have ended, but for him, in the death of one or both of the parties.

At Muigalpa his behavior was characteristic of the man. Brought there in the extreme of

THE RATION HOUSE, MUIGALPA.

THE DRILL ON THE PLAZA.

HOUSE OF ALCALDE.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

physical weakness, he had lain almost motionless on his back under a shed until the alarm of the night attack. As soon as the firing began, Colonel Skerrett rose and tottered along, supported by a friend, until he reached the Plaza. Here he remained giving orders and directing the defense, from three o'clock in the night until after six in the morning, when the islanders were driven back.

An anecdote is related of him at Rivas, during the second battle, when Walker, with seven hundred men, was obliged to retire with great loss. Skerrett had seen several men fall around him, struck down by a fire from a concealed adversary. After looking a long time, he discovered the enemy taking deliberate aim at a man who stood near him. He snatched a loaded rifle from the hands of a soldier, and leaning against a door-post, "drew a bead" upon the concealed marksman, who, at the same instant, changed his aim, and directed it upon Skerrett. The marksman fired first; the ball struck the adobé pillar of the door, within two inches of the Colonel's cheek, and glanced behind him, dashing a volley of dust into his eyes. With his right hand he instantly cleared his eyesight, and without moving the rifle, or losing his first aim, fired, and killed his antagonist.

The soldier-like modesty and simplicity of Colonel Skerrett is finely illustrated by a comical incident of which I was myself the witness. For a long time at Granada there was a scarcity of clean shirts. Officers of high rank went miserably dressed, and were compelled to use a mortifying economy in the article of clean linen. Meeting the Colonel one day, habited in an under garment which would have matched the yellow smock of the pious Queen Isabella, I touched gently upon the subject of clean linen in general as a difficult luxury, and, finally, after some hemming and blushing, proffered one of the *four* which I owned in common with another. "Thank you, Doctor," replied the bland and serious officer, "it is not necessary; *my shirt* will be home to-morrow from the wash." I did not "crib" this anecdote from Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World;" it is genuine.

ALCALDES.

I have said that the natives fled from Muigalpa when we entered it. Since the beginning of the war of filibusters against the entire native population, the natives, except a few women who could make a few dimes by selling vegetables, have generally shunned the Americans. When a party of filibusters entered a town, the majority of the inhabitants were found in general to have fled. The wealthier classes retired mostly into Chontales, Segovia, and Matagalpa, or Costa Rica, as far as possible from the seat of war, leaving their families in remote secluded villages, and returning stealthily themselves to carry on a guerrilla war. The entire population of Nicaragua has thus gradually prepared itself for a long and bloody struggle. When the inhabitants go out, either the priest or the Alcalde (magistrate) generally remains. We found the first and second Alcalde waiting for us in Muigalpa, and remained several days with his family, at the persuasion of Charley Myers, as much to protect his own property, however, as to furnish any assistance to us. His men brought in every day great loads of green plantains. They are perhaps the worst and cheapest food in the world, but were the only vegetable food at command. The Alcaldes dress in white and go barefooted, wearing coarse straw hats. They carry each a slender gold-headed cane as a symbol of office. The faces and persons of these two Alcaldes showed the pure Indian blood, and their stolid countenances and imperturbable politeness would not have changed had they been making arrangements to poison the whole population of the village. The Spanish and half-breed races are more demonstrative, but far less so than the Americans.

These two Alcaldes moved very quietly about their business, and after a little watching I observed that they were gradually removing all the valuable articles and small kitchen furniture, piece by piece. After a while they and their women and children disappeared altogether. Every thing of value that could be taken away had gone with them, but the move was managed with such quiet cunning they might almost have taken the clothes off our backs without our knowledge. Nothing, however, was stolen. The movement was one of those invariable signs which prepare old residents in these countries for an attack upon the town in which they are living. When the natives fly suddenly from a place in which they have been living in company with Americans, it is a certain indication that an armed force is secretly hovering in the vicinity. Since his general determination to subdue the entire people, Walker has seldom received correct information of the presence or intentions of the forces moving in his neighborhood. A body of five hundred natives will move circuitously by secret paths, and make its appearance at a point and time entirely unexpected.

DISEASES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

Before concluding this chapter of my personal narratives of events in Nicaragua, it may be useful to offer a few remarks on the diseases incident to the climate, and the usual methods of treating them. First, as to their causes. Animal and vegetable substances decay with extraordinary rapidity in the lake and river districts. As a preventive, apparently, against the too rapid action of those malarious influences which predispose vegetables to decay, Nature has furnished the plants of Nicaragua with a large amount of tannin, which abounds in nearly all the plants of this region. Nine out of ten, apparently, of the individual vegetable organisms, most of them thorny and of a soft and spongy texture, abound in *tannic acid*, the preservative and toughening principle used to convert the skins of animals into leather. Native woods, imbued with this and other antiseptic elements, consequently decay more slowly than those of northern growth. These latter, not able to resist that vegetable *malaria* described by the ingenious Liebig, and which pervades the atmosphere of these climates at all seasons, but more

especially during the advent and exit of the rainy months, when the dry and wet rot proceed together, very soon perish and fall into dust.

That the human body should sympathize with this all-pervading decay is by no means wonderful. There are a few constitutions of the fine nervous temperament in whom the conservative power is great enough to resist it altogether. I knew of three or four persons who were never visited by the fever. A more numerous class—it may be ten in a hundred of the northern immigration—succumb partially; they are attacked by the *calentura*, which seems to be a poisonous fermentation in the blood, or are visited with diarrhœas and dysenteries; but the great nervous centres—the brain and the ganglia—are not reached by the disease. This class of patients retain a great degree of vitality, and if well fed and cared for when taken down, almost always recover. Symptoms of painful delirium, continued vomiting, and all signs which show that the nervous centres, particularly the medulla oblongata, the cerebellum, and the epigastric ganglia have been reached, are also fatal indications, even in the early stages of the Isthmus fever. It is by this reasoning we account for the fact that men of a superior order, educated and self-possessed, having, it may be, feeble bodies, but strong brains and large and powerful nerves, have generally exhibited no fatal signs, and are lightly visited; while drunkards, debauchees, men of large flesh, gross habits, and coarse build, are marked from the first, and drop off by scores and hundreds into an early grave. Delirium, dreadful and universal pains, excessive vomiting, coma, and a variety of symptoms proper to a disturbance or reaction in the brain and nervous system, showing that their conservative force is too feeble to resist the attack from without, conduct the sufferer rapidly to the last and fatal stages. With the diarrhœas and dysenteries there are always febrile symptoms, of the type known as *calentura*; and I may here observe, that *calentura* itself is properly an *ephemera*, and may last only twenty-four hours without recurrence.

The ordinary practice has failed utterly in Nicaragua; as much, I presume, through the defective hospital arrangements as through error in the practice itself. Calomel, in immense doses, was tried in hundreds of cases, and was quite as effectual as Costa Rican bullets. Quinine is of no use at all, in most cases, and generally complicates the symptoms. The most successful treatment, as far as my observation extended, consisted in a mild purgative, with only mercury enough to affect slightly the biliary secretions, and this followed up by acid drinks (sour oranges) in the early morning, with perfect rest, cleanliness, and small quantities of suitable food, frequently administered. Above all things, cleanliness, quiet of mind, good quarters, a good bed, and cheerful associations, are necessary. These have in general been unattainable, and the physician only gentleman usher to the grave-digger.

Drunkenness in excess has been always the prevailing vice of the filibusters. Some of these sots resist malaria, the alcohol in their veins seeming to have an antiseptic power. The example of one such man escaping destroys fifty who follow it. The ordinary liquor of the country, *aguardiente*, is very agreeable when pure. It is distilled from coarse brown sugar, called *dulce*, and seems to be much less hurtful than manufactured liquors in New York. I have found it an important auxiliary in practice for convalescents.

## THE DEAD SECRET.

### CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH. MR. MUNDER ON THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT.

The murmuring voices and the hurrying footsteps came nearer and nearer, then stopped altogether. After an interval of silence, one voice called out loudly, "Sarah! Sarah! where are you?" and the next instant Uncle Joseph appeared alone in the door-way that led into the north hall, looking eagerly all round him.

At first, the prostrate figure on the landing at the head of the stairs escaped his view. But the second time he looked in that direction the dark dress, and the arm that lay just over the edge of the top stair, caught his eye. With a loud cry of terror and recognition he flew across the hall, and ascended the stairs. Just as he was kneeling by Sarah's side, and raising her head on his arm the steward, the housekeeper, and the maid, all three crowded together after him into the door-way.

"Water!" shouted the old man, gesticulating at them wildly with his disengaged hand. "She is here—she has fallen down—she is in a faint! Water! water!"

Mr. Munder looked at Mrs. Pentreath, Mrs. Pentreath looked at Betsey, Betsey looked at the ground. All three stood stockstill; all three seemed equally incapable of walking across the hall. If the science of physiognomy be not an entire delusion, the cause of this amazing unanimity was legibly written in their faces; in other words, they all three looked equally afraid of the ghost.

"Water, I say! water!" reiterated Uncle Joseph, shaking his fist at them. "She is in a faint! Are you three at the door there, and not one heart of mercy among you? Water! water! water! Must I scream myself into fits before I can make you hear?"

"I'll get the water, ma'am," said Betsey, "if you or Mr. Munder will please to take it from here to the top of the stairs."

She ran to the kitchen, and came back with a glass of water, which she offered, with a respectful courtesy, first to the housekeeper, and then to the steward.

"How dare you ask us to carry things for you?" said Mrs. Pentreath, backing out of the door-way.

"Yes! how dare you ask us?" added Mr. Munder, backing after Mrs. Pentreath.

"Water!" shouted the old man for the third time. He drew his niece backward a little, so that she could be supported against the wall behind her. "Water! or I trample down this dungeon of a place about your ears!" he shouted, stamping with impatience and rage.

"If you please, Sir, are you sure it's really the lady who is up there?" asked Betsey, advancing a few paces tremulously with the glass of water.

"Am I sure!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, descending the stairs to meet her. "What fool's question is this? Who should it be?"

"The ghost, Sir," said Betsey, advancing more and more slowly. "The ghost of the north rooms."

Uncle Joseph met her a few yards in advance of the foot of the stairs, took the glass of water from her with a gesture of contempt, and hastened back to his niece. As Betsey turned to effect her retreat, the bunch of keys lying on the pavement below the landing caught her eye. After a little hesitation, she mustered courage enough to pick them up, and then ran with them out of the hall as fast as her feet could carry her.

Meanwhile, Uncle Joseph was moistening his niece's lips with the water, and sprinkling it over her forehead. After a while her breath began to come and go slowly in faint sighs, the muscles of her face moved a little, and she feebly opened her eyes. They fixed affrightedly on the old man without any expression of recognition. He made her drink a little water, and spoke to her gently, and so brought her back at last to herself. Her first words were, "Don't leave me!" Her first action, when she was able to move, was the action of crouching closer to him.

"No fear, my child," he said, soothingly; "I will keep by you. Tell me, Sarah, what has made you faint? What has frightened you so?"

"Oh, don't ask me! For God's sake, don't ask me!"

"There, there! I shall say nothing, then. Another mouthful of water?—a little mouthful more?"

"Help me up, uncle; help me to try if I can stand."

"Not yet—not quite yet; patience for a little longer."

"Oh, help me! help me! I want to get away from the sight of those doors. If I can only go as far as the bottom of the stairs, I shall be better."

"So, so," said Uncle Joseph, assisting her to rise. "Wait now, and feel your feet on the ground. Lean on me—lean hard, lean heavy. Though I am only a light and a little man, I am solid as a rock. Have you been into the room?" he added, in a whisper. "Have you got the letter?"

She sighed bitterly, and laid her head on his shoulder with a weary despair.

"Why, Sarah, Sarah!" he exclaimed, "have you been all this time away, and not got into the room yet?"

She raised her head as suddenly as she had laid it down, shuddered, and tried feebly to draw him toward the stairs. "I shall never see the Myrtle Room again—never, never, never more!" she said. "Let us go; I can walk; I am strong now. Uncle Joseph, if you love me, take me away from this house; away any where, so long as we are in the free air and the daylight again; any where, so long as we are out of sight of Porthgenna Tower."

Elevating his eyebrows in astonishment, but considerately refraining from asking any more questions, Uncle Joseph assisted his niece to descend the stairs. She was still so weak that she was obliged to pause on gaining the bottom of them to recover her strength. Seeing this, and feeling, as he led her afterward across the hall, that she leaned more and more heavily on his arm at every fresh step, the old man, on arriving within speaking distance of Mr. Munder and Mrs. Pentreath, asked the housekeeper if she possessed any restorative drops which she would allow him to administer to his niece? Mrs. Pentreath's reply in the affirmative, though not very graciously spoken, was accompanied by an alacrity of action which showed that she was heartily rejoiced to take the first fair excuse for returning to the inhabited quarter of the house. Muttering something about showing the way to the place where the medicine chest was kept, she immediately retraced her steps along the passage to her own room; while Uncle Joseph, disregarding all Sarah's whispered assurances that she was well enough to depart without another moment of delay, followed her silently, leading his niece.

Mr. Munder, shaking his head, and looking woefully disconcerted, waited behind to lock the door of communication. When he had done this, and had given the keys to Betsey, to carry back to their appointed place, he, in his turn, retired from the scene at a pace indecorously approaching to something like a run. On getting well away from the north hall, however, he regained his self-possession wonderfully. He abruptly slackened his pace, collected his scattered wits, and reflected a little, apparently with perfect satisfaction to himself; for when he entered the housekeeper's room he had quite recovered his usual complacent solemnity of look and manner. Like the vast majority of densely-stupid men, he felt intense pleasure in hearing himself talk, and he now discerned such an opportunity of indulging in that luxury, after the events that had just happened in the house, as he seldom enjoyed. There is only one kind of speaker who is quite certain never to break down under any stress of circumstances—the man whose capability of talking does not include any dangerous underlying capacity for knowing what he means. Among this favored order of natural orators, Mr. Munder occupied a prominent rank—and he was now vindictively resolved to exercise his abilities on the two strangers, under pretense of asking for an explanation of their conduct, before he could suffer them to quit the house.

On entering the room he found Uncle Joseph seated with his niece at the lower end of it, engaged in dropping some sal-volatile into a glass of water. At the upper end stood the housekeeper, with an open medicine chest on the table before her. To this part of the room Mr. Munder slowly advanced with a portentous countenance, drew an arm-chair up to the table, sat himself down in it with extreme deliberation and care in the matter of settling his coat-tails, and immediately became, to all outward appearance, the very model, or picture, of a Lord Chief Justice in plain clothes.

Mrs. Pentreath, conscious from these preparations that something extraordinary was about to happen, seated herself a little behind the steward. Betsey restored the keys to their place on the nail in the wall, and was about to retire modestly to her proper kitchen sphere when she was stopped by Mr. Munder.

"Wait, if you please," said the steward, "I shall have occasion to call on you presently, young woman, to make a plain statement."

Obedient Betsey waited near the door, terrified by the idea that she must have done something wrong, and that the steward was armed with inscrutable legal power to try, sentence, and punish her for the offense on the spot.

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Munder, addressing Uncle Joseph as if he was the Speaker of the House of Commons, "if you have done with that sal-volatile, and if the person by your side has sufficiently recovered her senses to listen, I should wish to say a word or two to both of you."

At this exordium Sarah tried affrightedly to rise from her chair, but her uncle caught her by the hand and pressed her back in it. "Wait and rest," he whispered. "I shall take all the scolding on my own shoulder, and do all the talking with my own tongue. As soon as you are fit to walk again, I promise you this—whether the big man has said his word or two, or has not said it, we will quietly get up and go our ways out of the house."

"Up to the present moment," said Mr. Munder, "I have refrained from expressing an opinion. The time has now come, as it appears to me and Mrs. Pentreath, when, holding a position of trust as I do, in this establishment, and being accountable, and indeed responsible as I am for what takes place in it, and feeling, as I must, that things can not be allowed, or even permitted to rest as they are, it is my duty to say that I think your conduct is very extraordinary." Directing this forcible conclusion to his sentence straight at Sarah, Mr. Munder leaned back in his chair, quite full of words and quite empty of meaning, to collect himself comfortably for his next effort.

"My only desire," he resumed, with a soft and plaintive impartiality, "is to act fairly by all parties. I don't wish to frighten any body, or to startle any body, or even to terrify any body. I wish to state remarkable facts of a singular nature. I wish to unravel, or, if you please, the expression being plainer to all capacities, which is all I want to be, to make out, what I may term, with perfect propriety—events. And when I have done that, I should wish to put it to you, ma'am, and to you, Sir, whether—I say, I should wish to put it to you both, calmly, and impartially, and politely, and plainly, and smoothly—and when I say smoothly, I mean quietly—whether—in short, whether you are not both of you bound to explain yourselves."

Mr. Munder paused, to let that last irresistible appeal work its way to the consciences of the persons whom he addressed. The housekeeper took advantage of the silence to cough, as congregations cough just before the sermon, apparently on the principle of getting rid of bodily infirmities beforehand, in order to give the mind free play for undisturbed intellectual enjoyment. Betsey, following Mrs. Pentreath's lead, indulged in a cough on her own account—of the faint, distrustful sort. Uncle Joseph sat perfectly easy and undismayed, still holding his niece's hand in his, and giving it a little squeeze, from time to time, when the steward's oratory became particularly involved and impressive. Sarah never moved, never looked up, never lost the expression of terrified restraint which had taken possession of her face from the first moment when she entered the housekeeper's room.

"Now what are the facts, and circumstances, and events?" proceeded Mr. Munder, leaning back in his chair, in calm enjoyment of the sound of his own voice. "You, ma'am, and you, Sir, ring at the bell of the door of this Mansion" (here he looked hard at Uncle Joseph, as much as to say, "I don't give up that point about the house being a Mansion, you see, even on the judgment-seat"), "you are let in, or, rather, admitted. You, Sir, assert that you wish to inspect the Mansion (you say 'see the house,' but, being a foreigner, we are not surprised at your making a little mistake of that sort); you, ma'am, coincide, and even agree, in that request. What follows? You are shown over the Mansion. It is not usual to show strangers over it, but we happen to have certain reasons—"

Sarah started. "What reasons?" she asked, looking up quickly.

Uncle Joseph felt her hand turn cold and tremble in his. "Hush! hush!" he said, "leave the talking to me."

At the same moment Mrs. Pentreath pulled Mr. Munder warily by the coat-tail, and whispered to him to be careful. "Mrs. Frankland's letter," she said in his ear, "tells us particularly not to let it be suspected that we are acting under orders."

"Don't you fancy, Mrs. Pentreath, that I forget what I ought to remember," rejoined Mr. Munder, who had forgotten, nevertheless. "And don't you imagine that I was going to commit myself" (the very thing which he had just been on the point of doing). "Leave this business in my hands, if you will be so good. What reasons did you say, ma'am?" he added aloud, addressing himself to Sarah. "Never you mind about reasons; we have not got to do with them now; we have got to do with facts, and circumstances, and events. Be so good as to remember that, and to listen to what I was saying, and not to interrupt me again. I was observing, or remarking, that you, Sir, and you, ma'am, were shown over this Mansion. You were conducted, and indeed led, up the west stair-case—the Spacious west stair-case, Sir! You were shown with politeness, and even with courtesy, through the breakfast-room, the library, and the drawing-room. In that drawing-room, you, Sir, indulge in outrageous, and, I will add, in violent language. In that drawing-room you, ma'am, disappear, or rather, go altogether out of sight. Such conduct as this, so highly unparalleled, so entirely unprecedented, and so very unusual, causes Mrs. Pentreath and myself to feel—" Here Mr. Munder stopped, at a loss for a word for the first time.

"Astonished," suggested Mrs. Pentreath, after a long interval of silence.

"No, ma'am!" retorted Mr. Munder, severely. "Nothing of the sort. We were not at all astonished; we were—surprised. And what followed and succeeded that? What did you and I hear, Sir, on the first floor?" (looking sternly at Uncle Joseph.) "And what did you hear, Mrs. Pentreath, while you were searching for the missing and absent party on the second floor? What?"

Thus personally appealed to, the housekeeper answered briefly, "A scream."

"No! no! no!" said Mr. Munder, fretfully tapping his hand on the table. "A screech, Mrs. Pentreath—a screech. And what is the meaning, purport, and upshot of that screech? Young woman!" (here Mr. Munder turned suddenly on Betsey)—"we have now traced these extraordinary, these singular, and indeed these odd, facts and circumstances as far as you. Have the goodness to step forward, and tell us, in the presence of these two parties, how you came to utter, or give, what Mrs. Pentreath calls a scream, but what I call a screech. A plain statement will do, my good girl—quite a plain statement, if you please. And, young woman, one word more—speak up. You understand me? Speak up!"

Covered with confusion by the public and solemn nature of this appeal, Betsey, on starting with her statement, unconsciously followed the oratorical example of no less a person than Mr. Munder himself; that is to say, she spoke on the principle of drowning the smallest possible infusion of ideas in the largest possible dilution of words. Extricated from the mesh of verbal entanglement in which she contrived to involve it, her statement may be not unfairly represented as simply consisting of the following facts:

First, Betsey had to relate that she happened to be just taking the lid off a saucepan, on the kitchen fire, when she heard, in the neighborhood of the housekeeper's room, a sound of hurried footsteps (vernacularly termed by the witness, a "scurrying of somebody's feet"). Secondly, Betsey, on leaving the kitchen to ascertain what the sound meant, heard the footsteps retreating rapidly along the passage which led to the north side of the house, and, stimulated by curiosity, followed the sound of them for a certain distance. Thirdly, at a sharp turn in the passage, Betsey stopped short, despairing of overtaking the person whose footsteps she heard, and feeling also a sense of dread (termed by the witness "creeping of the flesh") at the idea of venturing alone, even in broad daylight, into the ghostly quarter of the house. Fourthly, while still hesitating at the turn in the passage, Betsey heard "the lock of a door go," and, stimulated afresh by curiosity, advanced a few steps farther—then, stopped again, debating within her-

self the difficult and dreadful question: whether it is the usual habit and custom of ghosts in general, when passing from one place to another, to unlock any closed door which may happen to be in their way, or to save trouble by simply passing through it? Fifthly, after long deliberation, and many false starts, forward toward the north hall and backward toward the kitchen, Betsey decided that it was the immemorial custom of all ghosts to pass through doors and not to unlock them. Sixthly, fortified by this conviction, Betsey went on boldly close to the door, when she suddenly heard a loud report as of some heavy body falling (graphically termed by the witness a "banging scrash"). Seventhly, the noise frightened Betsey out of her wits, brought her heart up into her mouth, and took away her breath. Eighthly, and lastly, on recovering breath enough to scream (or screech) Betsey did, with might and main, scream (and screech), running back toward the kitchen as fast as her legs would carry her, with all her hair "standing up on end," and all her flesh "in a crawl" from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet.

"Just so! just so!" said Mr. Munder, when the statement came to a close—as if the sight of a young woman with all her hair standing on end and all her flesh in a crawl, were an ordinary result of his daily experience of female humanity. "Just so! You may stand back, my good girl—you may stand back. There is nothing to smile at, Sir," he continued, sternly addressing Uncle Joseph, who had been excessively amused by Betsey's manner of delivering her evidence. "You would be doing better to carry, or rather transport, your mind back to what followed and succeeded the young woman's screech. What did we all do, Sir? We rushed to the spot, and we ran to the place. And what did we all see, Sir? We saw *you*, ma'am, lying horizontally prostrate, on the top of the landing of the first of the flight of the north stairs; and we saw those keys now hanging up yonder, abstracted, and purloined, and, as it were, snatched, from their place in this room, and lying horizontally prostrate likewise, on the floor of the hall. There are the facts, the circumstances, the events, laid, or rather placed, before you. What have you got to say to them? Yes! what have you got to say to them? I call upon you both solemnly, and, I will add, seriously—in my own name, in the name of Mrs. Pentreath, in the name of our employers, in the name of decency, in the name of wonder—what do you mean by it?"

With that fiery conclusion, Mr. Munder struck his fist on the table, and waited, with a stare of merciless expectation, for any thing in the shape of an answer, an explanation, or a defense, which the culprits at the bottom of the room might be disposed to offer.

"Tell him any thing," whispered Sarah to the old man. "Any thing to keep him quiet; any thing to make him let us go! After what I have suffered, these people will drive me mad!"

Never very quick at inventing an excuse, and perfectly ignorant besides of what had really happened to his niece while she was alone in the north hall, Uncle Joseph, with the best will in the world to prove himself equal to the emergency, felt considerable difficulty in deciding what he should say or do. Determined, however, at all hazards, to spare Sarah any useless suffering, and to remove her from the house as speedily as possible, he rose to take the responsibility of speaking on himself, looking hard, before he opened his lips, at Mr. Munder, who immediately leaned forward on the table, with his hand to his ear. Uncle Joseph acknowledged this polite act of attention with one of his fantastic bows; and then replied to the whole of the steward's long harangue in these six unanswerable words:

"I wish you good-day, Sir!"

"How dare you wish me any thing of the sort!" cried Mr. Munder, jumping out of his chair in violent indignation. "How dare you trifle with a serious subject and a serious question in that way? Wish me good-day, indeed! Do you suppose I am going to let you out of this house without hearing from you, or from that person, who is most improperly whispering to you at this very moment, some explanation of the abstracting, and purloining, and snatching of the keys of the north rooms?"

"Ah! it is that you want to know?" said Uncle Joseph, stimulated to plunge headlong into an excuse by the increasing agitation and terror of his niece. "See, now! I shall explain. What was it, dear and good Sir, that we said when we were first let in? This: 'We have come to see the house.' Now, there is a north side to the house, and a west side to the house. Good! That is two sides; and I and my niece are two people; and we divide ourselves in two, to see the two sides. I am the half that goes west, with you and the dear and good lady behind there. My niece here is the other half that goes north, all by herself, and drops the keys, and falls into a faint, because in that old part of the house it is what you call musty-fusty, and there is smells of tombs and spiders, and that is all the explanation, and quite enough, too. I wish you good-day, Sir."

"Damme! if ever I met with the like of you before!" roared Mr. Munder, entirely forgetting his dignity, his respectability, and his long words, in the exasperation of the moment. "You are going to have it all your own way, are you, Mr. Foreigner? You will walk out of this place when you please, will you, Mr. Foreigner? We will see what the justice of the peace for this district has to say to that," cried Mr. Munder, recovering his solemn manner and his lofty phraseology. "Property in this house is confided to my care; and unless I hear some satisfactory explanation of the purloining of those keys, hanging up there, Sir, on that wall, Sir, before your eyes, Sir—I shall consider it my duty to detain you and the person with you, until I can get legal advice, and lawful advice, and magisterial advice. Do you hear that, Sir?"

Uncle Joseph's ruddy cheeks suddenly deepened in color, and his face assumed an expression which made the housekeeper rather uneasy, and which had an irresistibly cooling effect on the heat of Mr. Munder's anger. "You will keep us here? *You?*" said the old man, speaking very quietly, and looking very steadily at the steward. "Now, see. I take this lady (courage, my child, courage! there is nothing to tremble for)—I take this lady with me; I throw that door open—so! I stand and wait before it; and I say to you, 'Shut that door against us, if you dare.'"

At this defiance, Mr. Munder advanced a few steps and then stopped. If Uncle Joseph's steady look at him had wavered for an instant, he would have closed the door.

"I say again," repeated the old man, "shut it against us, if you dare. The laws and customs of your country, Sir, have made of me an Englishman. If you can talk into one ear of a magistrate, I can talk into the other. If he must listen to you, a citizen of this country, he must listen to me, a citizen of this country also. Say the word, if you please. Do you accuse? or do you threaten? or do you shut the door?"

Before Mr. Munder could reply to any one of these three direct questions, the housekeeper begged him to return to his chair, and to speak to her. As he resumed his place, she whispered to him, in warning tones, "Remember Mrs. Frankland's letter!"

At the same moment, Uncle Joseph, considering that he had waited long enough, took a step forward to the door. He was prevented from advancing any farther by his niece, who caught him suddenly by the arm, and said in his ear, "Look! they are whispering about us again!"

"Well!" said Mr. Munder, replying to the housekeeper. "I do remember Mrs. Frankland's letter, ma'am, and what then?"

"Hush! not so loud," whispered Mrs. Pentreath. "I don't presume, Mr. Munder, to differ in opinion with you; but I want to ask one or two questions. Do you think we have any charge that a magistrate would listen to, to bring against these people?"

Mr. Munder looked puzzled, and seemed, for once in a way, to be at a loss for an answer.

"Does what you remember of Mrs. Frankland's letter," pursued the housekeeper, "incline you to think that she would be pleased at a public exposure of what has happened in the house? She tells us to take *private* notice of that woman's conduct, and to follow her *unperceived* when she goes away. I don't venture on the liberty of advising you, Mr. Munder; but, as far as regards myself, I wash my hands of all responsibility, if we do any thing but follow Mrs. Frankland's instructions (as she herself tells us) to the letter."

Mr. Munder hesitated. Uncle Joseph, who had paused for a minute when Sarah directed his attention to the whispering at the upper end of the room, now drew her on slowly with him to the door. "Betzi, my dear," he said, addressing the maid, with perfect coolness and composure; "we are strangers here; will you be so kind to us as to show the way out?"

Betsey looked at the housekeeper, who motioned to her to appeal for orders to the steward. Mr. Munder was sorely tempted, for the sake of his own importance, to insist on instantly carrying out the violent measures to which he had threatened to have recourse; but Mrs. Pentreath's objections made him pause in spite of himself—not at all on account of their validity, as abstract objections, but purely on account of their close connection with his own personal interest in not imperiling his position with his employers by the commission of a blunder which they might never forgive.

"Betzi, my dear," repeated Uncle Joseph, "has all this talking been too much for your ears? has it made you deaf?"

"Wait!" cried Mr. Munder, impatiently. "I insist on your waiting, Sir!"

"You insist? Well, well, because you are an uncivil man is no reason why I should be an uncivil man, too. We will wait a little, Sir, if you have any thing more to say." Making that concession to the claims of politeness, Uncle Joseph walked gently backward and forward with his niece in the passage outside the door. "Sarah, my child, I have frightened the man of the big words," he whispered. "Try not to tremble so much—we shall soon be out in the fresh air again."

In the mean time Mr. Munder continued his whispered conversation with the housekeeper, making a desperate effort, in the midst of his perplexities, to maintain his customary air of patronage, and his customary assumption of superiority. "There is a great deal of truth, ma'am," he softly began, "a great deal of truth, certainly, in what you say. But you are talking of the woman, while I am talking of the man. Do you mean to tell me that I am to let him go, after what has happened, without at least insisting on his giving me his name and address?"

"Do you put trust enough in the foreigner to believe that he would give you his right name and address if you asked him?" inquired Mrs. Pentreath. "With submission to your better judgment, I must confess that I don't. But supposing you were to detain him and charge him before the magistrate—and how you are to do that, the magistrate's house being, I suppose, about a couple of hours' walk from here, is more than I can tell—you must surely risk offending Mrs. Frankland by detaining the woman and charging the woman as well; for, after all, Mr. Munder, though I believe the foreigner to be capable of any thing, it was the woman who took the keys, was it not?"

"Quite so, quite so!" said Mr. Munder, whose sleepy eyes were now opened to this plain and straightforward view of the case for the first time. "I was, oddly enough, putting that point to myself, Mrs. Pentreath, just before you happened to speak of it. Yes, yes, yes—just so, just so!"

"I can't help thinking," continued the housekeeper, in a mysterious whisper, "that the best plan, and the plan most in accordance with our instructions, is to let them both go, as if we did not care to demean ourselves by any more quarreling or arguing with them; and to have them followed to the next place they stop at. The gardener's boy, Jacob, is weeding the broad-walk, in the west garden, this afternoon. These people have not seen him about the premises, and need not see him, if they are let out again by the south door. Jacob is a sharp lad, as you know; and, if he was properly instructed, I really don't see—"

"It is a most singular circumstance, Mrs. Pentreath," interposed Mr. Munder, with the gravity of consummate assurance; "but when I first sat down to this table, that idea about Jacob occurred to me. What with the effort of speaking, and the heat of argument, I got led away from it in the most unaccountable way—"

Here Uncle Joseph, whose stock of patience and politeness was getting exhausted, put his head into the room again.

"I shall have one last word to address to you, Sir, in a moment," said Mr. Munder, before the old man could speak. "Don't you suppose that your blustering and your bullying has had any effect on me. It may do with foreigners, Sir; but it won't do with Englishmen, I can tell you."

Uncle Joseph shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and rejoined his niece in the passage outside. While the housekeeper and the steward had been conferring together, Sarah had been trying hard to persuade her uncle to profit by her knowledge of the passage that led to the south door, and to slip away unperceived. But the old man steadily refused to be guided by her advice. "I will not go out of a place guiltily," he said, "when I have done no harm. Nothing shall persuade me to put myself, or to put you, in the wrong. I am not a man of much wits; but let my conscience guide me, and so long I shall go right. They let us in here, Sarah, of their own accord; and they shall let us out of their own accord, also."

"Mr. Munder! Mr. Munder!" whispered the housekeeper, interfering to stop a fresh explosion of the steward's indignation, which threatened to break out at the contempt implied by the shrugging of Uncle Joseph's shoulders, "while you are speaking to that audacious man, shall I slip into the garden and give Jacob his instructions?"

Mr. Munder paused before answering—tried hard to see a more dignified way out of the dilemma in which he had placed himself than the way suggested by the housekeeper—failed entirely to discern any thing of the sort—swallowed his indignation at one heroic gulp—and replied emphatically in two words: "Go, ma'am?"

"What does that mean? what has she gone that way for?" said Sarah to her uncle, in a quick, suspicious whisper, as the housekeeper brushed hastily by them, on her way to the west garden.

Before there was time to answer the question, it was followed by another, put by Mr. Munder.

"Now, Sir!" said the steward, standing in the door-way, with his hands under his coat-tails and his head very high in the air, "Now, Sir, and now, ma'am, for my last word! Am I to have a proper explanation of the abstracting and purloining of those keys, or am I not?"

"Certainly, Sir, you are to have the explanation," replied Uncle Joseph. "It is, if you please, the same explanation that I had the honor of giving you a little while ago. Do you wish to hear it again? It is all the explanation we have got about us."

"Oh! it is, is it?" said Mr. Munder. "Then all I have to say to both of you is—leave the house directly! Directly!" he added, in his most coarsely offensive tones, taking refuge in the insolence of authority from the dim consciousness of the absurdity of his own position, which would force itself on him, even while he spoke. "Yes, Sir!" he continued, growing more and more angry at the composure with which Uncle Joseph listened to him. "Yes, Sir! you may bow and scrape, and jabber your broken English somewhere else. I won't put up with you here. I have reflected with myself, and reasoned with myself, and thought with myself, and asked myself, calmly—as Englishmen always do—if it was any use making you of any importance, and I have come to a conclusion, and that conclusion is—no, it isn't! Don't you go away with a notion that your blusterings and your bullyings have had any effect on me. (Show them out, Betsey!) I consider you beneath—ay, Sir, and below!—my notice. (Show them out!) I wash my hands of you, and I dismiss you (show them out!), and I survey you, and I look upon you, and I behold you, with contempt!"

"And I, Sir," returned the object of all this withering derision, with the most exasperating politeness, "I shall say, for having your contempt, what I could by no means have said for having your respect, which is, briefly—thank you. I, the small foreigner, take the contempt of you, the big Englishman, as the greatest compliment that can be paid from a man of your composition to a man of mine." With that, Uncle Joseph made a last fantastic bow, took his niece's arm, and followed Betsey along the passages that led to the south door, leaving Mr. Munder to compose a fit retort at his leisure.

Ten minutes later, the housekeeper returned breathless to her room, and found the steward walking backward and forward in a high state of irritation.

"Pray make your mind easy, Mr. Munder," she said. "They are both clear of the house at last, and Jacob has got them well in view on the path over the moor."

## OLD JEFFREY'S JOY.

Being in Surrey county, Virginia, in the fall of 1840, I attended a religious meeting held in an old colonial church, one of the relics of our union with England. After a warm sermon, an invitation was given to seekers of religion to approach the altar of prayer.

Among others who availed themselves of this invitation was a gentleman, I judge, of forty-five years of age. There seemed to be much sympathy felt for him by those present, and I judged him to be a man well thought of in the neighborhood, which I learned was a fact. But I was particularly attracted by the manifest sympathy of an old negro in the congregation. I judged him to be a man of eighty; his frame, once athletic and erect, was now bent beneath the accumulated weight of years. I learned that the relation of master and slave subsisted between the penitent at the altar and the weeping old negro at his seat, which was near to the end door of the church. The penitent truly agonized in prayer, and old Jeffrey—for this was the name of the negro—evidently joined with deep feeling in the prayer of the wrestling mourner. It was not long ere a shout, as from those victorious in battle, went up, and the walls of the old house resounded with the praises of the victor, the wrestler had prevailed, prayer was answered, and the happy convert was now here, and now there, embracing friends and receiving their hearty congratulations.

But none in that house was more joyous than old Jeffrey, and, raising himself on his staff which gave him support, he made his way toward his happy young master (as he called him), and the master at the same time making toward his slave, they met about midway the church, and the convert fell on the neck of his old servant and they wept with joy in the aisle of the house of God and in the face of the congregation. And words like these were spoken by Jeffrey—"Bless God; my poor boy, I have been praying for you this long time." There was no dry eye in that assembly, and the two, master and slave, were the only objects of attraction for the time.

## A FAITHFUL SOLDIER.

A soldier on duty at the palace of the Emperor, at St. Petersburg, which was burned a few years ago, was stationed, and had been forgotten, in one suite of the apartment that was in flames. A Greek priest was the last person to rush through the burning rooms at the imminent risk of his life, to save a crucifix in a chapel, and, returning, he was hailed by the sentry, who must, in a few minutes more, have suffocated. "What do you want?" cried the priest; "save yourself, or you will be lost." "I can't leave," replied the sentry, "because I am unrelieved, but I called you to give me your blessing before I die." The priest blessed him, and the soldier died at his post.

## BARRELS OF TEARS.

The late Bishop Hedding used to tell the story of a young minister who was arraigned before one of the Conferences for too great excess in the use of exaggeration. Not that he positively lied, but superlatives flowed so freely from his tongue that often great harm was done. He was sentenced to be publicly admonished by the Chair. The Bishop administered a severe rebuke, when the young man arose, bathed in tears, acknowledged his fault, and his determination to do better. In closing, he said; "I regret it; I have wept over it. Yes, brethren, by night and by day I have wept on account of it, and I can truly say that it has already caused me to *shed barrels of tears*."

## MISS ROTHSCHILD'S WEDDING.

The event of the month of March, for the best society of London, was the marriage of Miss Leonora Rothschild of London, to her cousin Baron Alphonso de Rothschild of Paris. Whether it be regarded in a financial, or in a fashionable, or in a social, or in a gastronomical point of view, it is a phenomenon worth study. People get married, as is generally known, here as well as elsewhere; and we have had marriages brilliant, surprising, unique: but a marriage like this of the Rothschilds has never been known since the Queen of Sheba popped the question herself to King Solomon—the lineal ancestor of the house of Rothschild.

Before we commence the account of the ceremony, it may be well to say—for the benefit of our subscribers in Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands; every body else knows the Rothschilds by heart—who these people are who have been married with such éclat.

Sixty-four years ago, then, there was a Jew-banker in Frankfort, by name Meyer Anselm Rothschild. Though a Jew, he was poor; though a banker, he was honest. To this honest Jew went the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, bearing under his arm a huge casket of jewels and money.

"Meyer," said the Landgrave, "I believe you are an honest man."

The Jew politely bowed.

"Meyer, the wolf is at the door; the republican army approaches. I must fly. Here, take this casket; it contains all that I possess in the world—two millions of thalers besides jewels. When the storm blows over, you shall return it to me."

"Your highness does me honor," said the Jew, bowing as before; "but what if the wolf should fall upon us?"

"Meyer, we are in God's hands. What is destined, is destined."

His Highness the Landgrave was scarcely in a place of safety when the wolf came. Frankfort was a very desirable place to plunder, and a desirable man to take pains in robbing was the Jew, Meyer Rothschild, who—the heartless aristocrat—had filled the office of Keeper of Medals to the Court. So they robbed the Jew pretty thoroughly, sacked his house, knocked him about, hustled his family, searched the beds, the wainscots, the walls, the closets, and, on the whole, made a very good thing of it. There was a fine laugh among the republican wits when Meyer, on the departure of the French, hung out his sign once more, and announced that he had thalers to lend. Where should he find thalers who had been swept so clean?

Where indeed! He lent them, nevertheless, to right and left, to republicans and aristocrats, always on undeniable security, and at a pleasing rate of interest. And thus, a few years afterward, the name of Meyer Rothschild stood higher than ever.

One day—nine years after the deposit of the casket—there came to Meyer Rothschild's an old man much damaged by time.

"Ha! Meyer," said the Landgrave, for it was he, "as busy as ever. Well, my friend, times are changed. I am as poor as Job."

The Jew made the old obeisance.

"But I shall obtain some indemnity in Hesse Cassel, and I should like a small advance from you on account, if you can manage it. They say you are rich."

"Doing pretty well, your highness, pretty well."

"Though they robbed you?"

"Though they robbed me, your highness."

"Well, can you let me have a few hundred thalers for a few months?"

"Let me see, your highness," replied the Jew with a bow. "Anselm," he called to a young man, "fetch me yonder book." The book brought, the Jew nimbly turned to a particular page, and read: "The amount I find standing to your highness's credit in my book is two million four hundred thousand and sixty-four thalers, with interest thereon at five per cent. per annum, from the 5th of September, 1793. Would your highness like a check?"

"Good Heavens!" cried the Landgrave, "what do you mean?"

"The gentlemen who did me the favor to rob me," replied the Jew, with another bow, "were pretty thorough in their search, pretty thorough. I give them credit for great zeal, great zeal; but they omitted to examine the floor of my cellar, under which I had deposited the casket belonging to your highness, and it escaped them. I have presumed to use some of your money in my little enterprises, and have done pretty well, pretty well; and now, your highness, I am ready to return the whole with interest."

"Meyer," said the broken-down Landgrave in a burst of emotion, "you are the most honorable Jew I ever heard of. Two per cent. interest will be ample."

The bulk of the money remained in the hands of Meyer Rothschild till his death, in 1821. It had fructified, and the old Jew died many times a millionaire. On his death-bed he called his five sons round him:

"Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James, my children, swear to me three things. First, never to separate from the law of Moses; second, never to separate from each other; third, never to undertake any great enterprise without consulting and obtaining the consent of your mother."

They swore. The old man gave them his blessing and foretold that they would soon be "the richest among the rich, and that the world would belong to them."

Before this, the Landgrave, feeling perhaps that he had not been grateful enough for the fidelity of Meyer Rothschild, told the story to the assembled sovereigns and potentates at Vienna. It was singularly *apropos*. They were all in want of money, and who should get them money so well as the honest Jew banker of Frankfort? There was a loan for Russia, and a loan for Austria, a loan for France, a loan for England, a loan for Prussia, loans for Denmark, Sardinia, and Naples, loans for every German prince whose credit would stand it. All these the house of Rothschild took. Their amount may be conjectured from the fact that the French loan alone was two hundred millions of francs.

The better to achieve their money kingdom, the brothers had separated, and opened houses at Paris, London, Vienna, and Naples, as well as Frankfort. The head of the London house was Nathan Rothschild, who, when of age, had borrowed half a million of his father, settled at Manchester, realized an enormous fortune in four or five years, and taken a position on removing to London at the very head of the financial world. He married a Jewish lady, by name Cohen, who brought him over half a million sterling in dowry. One of his largest operations is said to have been a bull movement predicated on the battle of Waterloo. There were no telegraphs or railroads in those days, and news traveled slowly. Baron Rothschild of London (by-the-way, they are all barons, in virtue of Austrian patents) knew from his confidential relations with the Regent's advisers that a great battle would probably be fought. He employed a small army of couriers to stand ready to bring him the earliest news. One of these couriers, a quick-witted fellow, watched the battle anxiously till the Duke of Wellington gave orders for the Guards to close. He divined the result, and started at full gallop for the Belgian coast. By dint of killing cattle recklessly, he arrived there long before any suspicion of the battle, leaped into a fishing boat, and gave the fishermen more money than they had ever seen in their lives to ferry him over. Before sunrise next morning he was in Baron Nathan's bedroom, and had told his story, confessing that the weight of his secret had nearly suffocated him on the way.

The Baron, with a quiet twinkle of his eye, advised him to take some refreshment and sleep a few hours; putting him in the charge of a confidential valet, who was privately instructed to keep him a close prisoner at all hazards.

That morning at his usual hour, not before, Baron Nathan appeared on Change, as quiet, as unmoved, as was his custom. News? He had no news, py Gott. But he would buy a few parcels of stock to keep up the national credit. He bought just a little, in a quiet, easy way, and went to his office at his usual hour, where he had the satisfaction of learning that his brokers—men whom he had never before employed—had, in pursuance of his instructions, purchased that morning for his account five millions sterling in securities of various kinds. Before nightfall, the news of the battle and of the ruin of Napoleon began to arrive: by the end of the week the whole was known, and Baron Nathan realized thirty per cent. on his purchases.

Nathan died in 1836, having made money to the last day of his life.

His brother James went to Paris in 1815, and became as great a financier as Nathan. The absurd Court of Charles the Tenth affected to despise him, and refused to admit him within its holy precincts. To revenge himself he made a treaty with Lafitte, and furnished no small portion of the funds by which the revolution of July was consummated. Louis Philippe was more grateful to him than he was to Lafitte. What good things were going in the shape of loans Rothschild got, and the Baron was not only admitted to Court, but the Duke de Montpensier paid such attention to Mademoiselle Charlotte de Rothschild as to give rise to stories of an alliance between the King and his banker. Baron James was, like his brother Nathan, a perfect brute, socially. He seemed to delight in showing off his *parvenu* vulgarity, and assumed the airs of a nabob with every one whom he did not fear. One or two good anecdotes are told of his encounters with men of mind.

Having quizzed the poet Heine once rather sharply at dinner, the latter betrayed his host into some remark on the name of the wine they were drinking—Lacrima Christi.

"Curious name—I can't account for it," said the millionaire.

"Oh!" replied the wit, "the etymology is very simple; Christ weeps that Jews should drink such excellent wine!"

On another occasion, having been introduced to the famous lawyer M. Crémieux—a co-religionist of the banker's, by-the-way, and slightly deformed—Rothschild rudely said:

"Why, are you Crémieux? I should have thought the famous Crémieux would have been a better-looking man."

Crémieux laughed, and after some remarks observed,

"Well, I am glad I have met you, Baron. You are sure, by-the-way, that you are really Baron Rothschild?"

"Of course," replied the millionaire. "Why doubt it?"

"Oh! only because I fancied the great Baron Rothschild would have been a better-bred man."

These two Barons—Nathan and James—have exercised more silent influence over European politics than any other two men in the present century. James is still a host in himself at Paris, the king of *agio;* the mantle of Nathan is worthily borne by Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who has combined politics with finance, and has been frequently elected to the British Parliament for the city of London, in conjunction with Lord John Russell. When the House of Peers comes to its senses, he will doubtless be allowed to take his seat without renouncing his religion.

Having thus introduced the family to the reader, we will add that the gentleman just married is Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, of Paris, son of Baron James; and the lady, Miss Leonora, daughter of Baron Lionel, of London. The wedding ceremony came off at Gunnersbury Park, near London, a "suburban retreat" of the Rothschilds. The house had been refitted from garret to basement for the occasion: gold and white were the colors of the decorations: the dining-room, enlarged for the feast, was such a place as human eye hath never seen, nor human imagination conceived. Mirrors, and trellis-work of the most costly exotics; draperies of blush-rose-color silk, shedding a bloom on the palest countenance; *chefs-d'œuvre* of art and luxury; every candelabrum an *objet de virtu;* a blaze of soft light: nothing but the sublime excellence of the dinner could ever have tempted any one to eat in such a fairy-like place. But it must be confessed that, next to their cooks, the Rothschilds have been always most famed for their financial operations. The guests were, of course, the *élite* of Christianity, with a sprinkling of Judaism. Dukes and duchesses, earls and barons, lords and ladies, foreign ministers and members of Parliament, hobnobbed with improved editions of the genuine Israelite pawnbroker. We do not see Mr. Dallas's name among the guests: but one ex-minister of the Crown proposed the health of one pair of parents, while another ex-minister proposed that of the other pair; and the happy couple themselves were gracefully complimented by the friend and embassador of the Emperor of the French. It is thus seen how good a thing it is to grow rich.

The ceremony itself was peculiar. Part of it, we are told, took place in private. It is deeply to be regretted that the Jenkinses of the London press were excluded from this performance; a reckless public imagination will necessarily conjecture all sorts of extraordinary scenes at this private reunion. When the time came for the public ceremony, four young men from the Rothschilds' counting-houses appeared, bearing a canopy on which were symbolical emblems of Truth, Space, and the Providential Eye; which emblems must

THE BRIDAL PRESENTS.

THE BRIDE.

have been perfect rebuses to the Christian community. This standard planted, the bride was ushered into the room, followed by her sixteen bridesmaids. For the benefit of our lady readers, we beg to give the costume of these interesting leaders of Judaic Europe.

The costume of the bride was a *chef-d'œuvre* in taste and appointments. The robe was of white satin covered with real Bruxelles Point of a very rare description, trimmed with marabouts, and decorated with bouquets of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. The head-dress, admirably adapted to Oriental beauty, was composed of massive braids of hair falling low upon the neck, and bound with rouleaus of royal blue velvet, producing a charming effect. The bridal chaplet was formed of orange blossoms, the stephanotis, and the lilies of the valley, with pendants of jessamine and mayflower. Attached to the back of the head was a vail of the costliest Brussels lace, which swept the ground; and superadded to this was the distinguishing vail of the Hebrew bride (the *voile à la vierge*). Literally, it should have been but a mask of fine linen concealing the features, but on this occasion it was represented by the more elegant and appropriate "*tulle illusion*," a most aerial fabric, entirely enveloping the face without concealing it.

The dresses of the sixteen bridesmaids were of white tulle looped with blue ribbons, and velvets over very full slips of white glacé. They wore wreaths and bouquets of white roses and lilies of the valley, laid on blue velvet, and tulle vails.

The marriage ceremony began by an exhortation in English, in which the Rothschild family were agreeably complimented, as was due to their wealth and their position as hosts. Then followed what appears to have been a pretty long service, all in Hebrew, which must have been highly edifying to Lord John Russell, M. de Persigny, and the other Christians present. At the close a glass, or cup, was filled with wine and handed to the bridegroom, who, having drunk the wine, did not throw the glass down, as some of the papers say, but laid it gingerly on the floor and crunched it under his foot—thereby intending to denote the brief and transitory character of life and joy. With this moral reflection strong upon him, Baron Alphonse delicately removed the vail of *tulle illusion* from the fair Leonora's brow and gave her her first husband's kiss. The happy rogue! They say she is as pretty as she is rich; and the cut we are enabled to give bears out the assertion.

Alas! for the vanity of human nature! We laugh at our fine ladies and young *fats* of Fifth Avenue for their idolatry of fine jewels and fine clothes, and the *omnium gatherum* of which presents are made; but what shall we say of the conduct of these guests of the Money Kings, who, they say, rushed, breathless, from the wedding-room into the upper chamber where the wedding-presents were gathered, and feasted their eyes upon them, in dense serried throng, until the time came to feast other organs at the Baron's dinner-table! Let us say, in justice, that the show was worth looking at! There were jewels strewed, like dust or snow-flakes, on the velvet cushion! Not only such baubles as enameled watches, diamond rings, necklaces, bracelets, toilet ornaments, ear-rings, and the like, but sets of jewels complete, pearls, diamonds, and rubies—one set alone worth $150,000—and several of lower price, being only worth as much as an East Indiaman loaded. Upon her person the lucky Leonora wore, we are told, a Persian luxury of pearls! Some of the presents were singular. There were three or four prayer-books! What satire was this—to give the liturgy to an Israelite? Then there were some little objects of worsted work—pin-cushions, mouchoir-holders, watch-cases—worth, shall we say, fully ten cents apiece, yet placed on an honorable eminence amidst the rain of glittering treasures! These were the humble offerings of the pupils of a Jewish charity school which has often realized how liberal the Rothschilds are; and we love to think that, in her own warm girl's heart, the young Baroness Alphonse will value these little offerings of gratitude far higher than the costly contributions of the jewelers. Strangest of all among the gifts was a fat, rather dirty, strong, plain envelope, with broken seal, and addressed to Madame la Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild. "What might this contain, pray?" said the bridesmaids, hustling each other excitedly. Thereon hung a tale. This marriage was the doing of Anselm de Rothschild, who loved his fair young niece, Leonora, as though she had been his daughter. He it was who repressed the somewhat vagrant tendencies of young Alphonse—hankering after Parisian sweets—and forced him, by a gentle avuncular pressure, to carry out the Rothschild policy of intermarriage. So, when the old man had carried his point, there was a fluttering among the little breasts of the fair daughters of Rothschild, and a terrible curiosity to know how uncle Anselm would testify his joy. Day after day it leaked out that this uncle had ordered that, and that that aunt intended to give this—but what uncle Anselm was to give no living soul could divine. Even when the day came, and strong-backed porters arrived deeply laden with the treasures of this world, and the present-room was duly set out with gorgeous gifts—as is represented in our engraving—no word came from Baron Anselm, and a dreadful suspicion crept over the minds of the family that he was going to disgrace himself by giving nothing. At the very last moment, when the old gentleman had depreciated immensely in credit with the female members of his family, there was a cry that he was coming. There was a strange mixture of twinkle in his eye—reminding one of the stories told of his father—and of quivering about the corners of his lips, as he approached his pet and kissed her:

"Here, Leonora," said the old Baron, "here is a letter for you." And he handed her a fat envelope, and sidled away.

"A letter, uncle! for me!"

"Yes," said the old man, with a stoppage in the throat, "a letter—good advice." And he disappeared.

Of course there was a rush to open the letter. *It contained bank bills for five millions of dollars.* This was his present.

The reader will appreciate the emotion which forbids us to pursue this branch of the subject.

The dinner was, of course, beyond praise. When you say Rothschild, even Soyer bows his head, and admits that nothing more can be said in a gastronomical point of view. We confess, however, that we suspect the cook of having indulged in a vein of gentle sarcasm on this occasion, which can not but be considered inappropriate.

The first dish among the *entrées* was "*Les Suprêmes aux haricots verts.*" Surely some of the guests felt the sting of this, especially as it was followed up, in really too overt a manner, by "*Epigrammes d'agneau aux pointes d'asperges.*" Point, indeed! Even the old Barons can not have felt comfortable at the obvious allusion conveyed in "*Boudins à la Lucullus*;" and fair Leonora must have blushed as she was offered some "*Croque en bouche d'amandes à la Parisienne.*" No doubt the cook was sorry to lose her, and could not conceal his spleen.

But all this was soon forgotten in the sensation produced by the appearance of the French Embassador on his legs. Time was when Persigny would have found it hard enough to persuade the Baron Lionel to lend him a sovereign; he was now chosen to propose the bride's health, in order that the occasion might be endowed with national significance. And he did it well, gracefully, as only a Frenchman can; contriving, in fifteen lines, to pay the neatest compliments to all parties, to make no one blush, and to touch the heart of every guest. The Bridegroom was decorously dull, as all bridegrooms are and should be. Then rose the g[illegible] British Barnum, Ben Disraeli, a converted Jew and an unconverted Christian. The wealth of the house of Rothschild affected him very much indeed. He was unctuous—he spoke of rubies; he was pathetic—he hinted at millions. He puffed James Rothschild for his social virtues, though he can doubtless well remember the time when that same Baron very cruelly snubbed him on his first entry into Parisian society, many years ago. Baron James knew better. He merely said that he would like to see every body to dinner at his own house. The rest was commonplace enough, except, perhaps, Mr. Bernal Osborne[illegible]peech in proposing the bridesmaids' health. He, poor man, had been thrust into a corner by the throng, and was discovered at a small round table by himself when the time came for him to propose his toast. He discharged his office, and touched upon his misfortune thus wittily:

"I am deputed to offer to your consideration a toast which claims it, not only upon its intrinsic merits, but for the largeness of the constituency I represent. Possibly it may be said that, as I am not among them, I am not entitled to represent them; but I had the honor to conduct two of them into this saloon, and it is to the amplitude of their dresses, and not to any desertion on my part, that I owe my banishment to this small borough."

This closed the ceremonies. At the conventional early hour the bride and her husband were missed. Had an experienced detective been sent after them, he might have traced them to a close carriage, which conveyed them to the nearest railway station. There a special train was in waiting to carry the happy pair to Mentmore, the country seat of Baron Meyer de Rothschild—and no decent detective would have pursued his inquiries any farther. So we stop, and say—A happy life and a useful one to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild and his pretty wife!

## A MINISTERIAL AUCTIONEER.

THE reverend and eccentric Rowland Hill was preaching in the open air, in that suburban part of London denominated Moorfields, from the Song of Solomon i. 5, "I am black but comely;" which he explained as having reference to the Church of Christ, which in the sight of the world was black, black as the tents of Kedar, but in the sight of her glorified Head was comely, comely as the curtains of Solomon. While enlarging on the subject, Lady Anne Erskine happened to pass that way. She asked her servants what was the cause of the very large assemblage of people? They replied, that it was the renowned Rowland Hill that was addressing the people. Lady Anne said she had long cherished a desire to hear that eccentric man preach, and should now have it fully gratified, and desired her charioteer to bring her as near as possible, that she might hear every word he said. She was soon in the rear of the temporary pulpit, the only place where it was possible to get near him.

The gorgeous accession that had taken place to the congregation, and the brilliant and sparkling appearance of Lady Anne, attracted the attention of the congregation more than the preacher, but Rowland Hill's observant eyes detected the movements, and he resolved on a hazardous but effective remedy. He paused, and then said: "Brethren, I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I am now about to hold an auction or vendue. I have here a lady and her whole equipage to expose to public sale, but the lady is the principal and only object I wish to dispose of at present. Well, there are already three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the world: well, and what will you give for her? I will give honors, wealth, and pleasure. That won't do—she's worth more than that, for she shall continue to live when the honors, wealth, and pleasure you have it in your power to bestow shall vanish as the darkness of night before orient beams: you can't have her. The next bidder is the devil: well, and what will you give for her? I will give all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. That won't do either, for she shall continue to exist when the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them shall have vanished as a snow-wreath beneath a vernal shower: you can't have her. But list! I hear the voice of another—it is the Lord Jesus Christ: well, and what will you give for her? I will give an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens. Blessed Jesus! Just as I expected—just like the liberality that thou art wont to display! Well,

I will place her at thy disposal—she is black but comely—and thou shalt be the purchaser. Let heaven and earth attest this irrevocable contract." Turning to Lady Anne, he said, "Madame, have you heard this contract that heaven and earth hath irrevocably attested? Remember that, from this time forth and forevermore, you are the property of the Lord Jesus. He died to redeem you—you are purchased with his blood. Can you, dare you reject it?"

The arrow thus sped at a venture found its way to the heart of Lady Anne, and she became eminently useful in her day and generation.

## FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Vicar-Apostolic and Education in India.—The British East India Government has given its support to the establishment of High Schools, on the plan of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. There is a distinction made in them between secular instruction and religious instruction. The last is committed to a clergyman of the same church as the pupils whom he instructs; so that children of Catholic families may receive religious instruction in the schools from a Catholic clergyman. But this does not satisfy the Vicar-Apostolic of Agra, India; and he denounces, in severe terms, the "Lawrence Asylum." He says:

We denounce the said institution as one which is dangerous to the religion of the Catholic youth; and therefore, from the depth of our heart, we do implore and entreat you all, in the name of Jesus Christ, never more, and on no account, to send your children to the said institution.

Love and Heresy in Tuscany.—There appears to be a much wider and deeper feeling among the people in Tuscany against their State religion, as at present administered, than has generally been supposed; and it has manifested itself in conflicts with the parish priests on the matter of marriage. The Tuscan authorities, according to the London *Christian Times*, have endeavored to sustain the priests in this conflict, by requiring all youthful lovers, who wish to be married, to undergo a strict examination in the Christian doctrine as taught and received in the Church, and to be well acquainted with the same.

The State Church in Wales.—It was the peculiar destitution of Bibles in Wales which gave rise to Bible Societies. Perhaps the unsatisfactory condition of the Established Church in Wales may lead to an improvement of the same. The *British Banner* says:

A few evenings since, a petition was presented to the House of Commons, from the Rev. R. W. Morgan, a clergyman of Tregynon, Montgomeryshire, in which he asserts that, for the last 140 years, none of the bishops appointed to sees in North Wales have been able to address the Cambrian people in their own tongue, and while the said bishops at present possess large incomes, two palaces, two peerages, and an enormous patronage, more than 500 of the working clergy are in receipt of not more than £100 per annum. He sets forth the evils arising from this state of things, alleging that the Church is nearly extinct, its members in North Wales, out of a population of 430,000, falling short of 15,000, being, without reference to increase of population, an absolute decrease of 70,000 since A.D. 1715, when such episcopate was first introduced; and he prays for inquiry into these facts, with a view to a timely reconstruction of the ecclesiastical administration of the Church in Wales.

The Jews in the Holy Land.—Whether the Jewish state will be restored in Palestine or not, is a doubtful question. But that the Christian Church feels a strong desire to facilitate the safe and prosperous settlement of children of Abraham again in the Holy Land, there can be no doubt; and Christian Jews in all parts of the world participate in this feeling of the Church. The difficulty heretofore has been, that the Turkish Government would not grant titles to property, either to Jews or Christians. But one of the results of the late war with Russia is, that by an imperial firman Christians and Jews, as well as Mussulmans, may buy and sell real estate, and give and receive titles for the same. The London *Christian Times* of February 27, says:

A meeting was held on Friday evening, at the house of the Rev. Ridley H. Herschell, to welcome the Rev. A. A. Isaacs, on his return from Palestine. After a few introductory remarks, the Rev. E. Auriol having offered up prayer, Mr. Isaacs gave a very interesting account of the present position of Palestine, with an especial reference to the land which he has lately purchased (as a British subject) near Jaffa, on behalf of the committee for establishing an agricultural settlement for Christian Jews in the land of their fathers. The object of this agricultural settlement is to give converted Jews an opportunity of honestly earning their bread. Besides this primary object, however, a secondary one, perhaps not less important, will be accomplished, viz., to exhibit in that land the pure spirit and aim of the Gospel. It is hoped that by means of this movement the many Christian Jews now existing in different parts of the world may be induced to unite patriotically for the welfare of their brethren without being ashamed of their nation. In the course of the evening Mr. Isaacs produced the title-deeds of the land, duly signed and sealed, conveying it to him as a British subject; a remarkable indication of the great changes which have lately taken place in the Turkish dominions.

The China War and Churchism.—It is a matter of much surprise and some amusement to learn from the late English papers that the China war is blended, in England, with the contest between the High and Low Church parties. Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone are the political leaders of the Tractarian or High Church party, while Lord Palmerston has shown himself very decidedly on the other side. Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone and their political party are the vigorous opponents of the policy of the Government in regard to the Chinese war, while Lord Palmerston and his party maintain the Chinese war policy. We in America can not see clearly why or how it is that the Chinese war should be mixed up with Church matters; and yet it is so to a great extent, and with deep feeling and interest, if we may believe the English papers. The London *Examiner* says:

What nobody, not versed in the abstrusest mysteries of parties, would ever suspect or dream of, is under the China cover. High Church and Low Church are under it, and the mortal struggle between the Protestantism that hankers after Popery, and the Protestantism that eschews and detests it. The battle of Oxford against all England rages beneath it. Raise it up, peep under it, and you will see Mr. Gladstone storming at Lord Palmerston's ecclesiastical promotions. He is only popping with blank cartridge at our officials at Hong Kong; his murderous fire is for the anti-Puseyite interest in the Church, rather in the ascendant under her Majesty's present advisers. It is not the sanguinary Yeh that he loves, but the evangelical Close that he can have no patience with. Not Bowring, but Bickersteth that kindles his eloquence and excites his spleen. It was too bad. We were more than half way to Rome; we might have been there at this moment only for Palmerston's vile taste in deans and bishops, and scandalous neglect of tractarian divines and medieval doctors.

Toleration in Turkey.—The accounts from Turkey respecting the actual prevalence of religious liberty are contradictory. The great Magna Charta of religious liberty granted by the Sultan since the war, and entitled Hatti Houmayoun, operates differently in different parts of the empire, according to the weakness or strength of the Government, or the fanaticism of the Turkish authorities. But we were not prepared for what the Augsburg *Gazette* declares took place recently in the Danubian Provinces. The statement is, that in one district in Bosnia the avarice and cruelty of Reschid Bey have determined the people to emigrate, unless their condition is improved. In two other districts Christians have been actually killed by the Turkish judges with impunity. One of the cases was a man who was the chief of the Christian community, and was slain by the hand of the judge himself.

Rev. William Arthur.—Thousands in this country will rejoice to learn that, by late accounts received at the Wesleyan Mission House in London, Mr. Arthur was ascending the Nile in much improved health. He will return home by way of Jerusalem and Constantinople.

American Missionaries in Persia.—It is well known that the Nestorian Mission of the American Board, during the last twenty years, has been gradually diffusing education and a revival of evangelical religion among the Nestorian Christians in Persia, and particularly in the District of Ooromiah. In this work they had the favor of the late King of Persia, and of the present sovereign also until recently. The Eastern War unsettled their missions somewhat, through the influence of Russia it is believed; but the late war between England and Persia has brought new and greater difficulties upon them, chiefly because the missions have heretofore been under the protection of the English embassador at the Court of Persia. They were therefore considered as in the interests of England. From passages in a recent Persian letter to the *Orient*, in Constantinople, it seems probable that the Jesuits have been active in stirring up opposition to the American Mission. The latest news through the English papers is, that the Persian Government had issued a severe firman against the American Mission in the District of Ooromiah, and had sent Azker Khan to execute it, but that he had been murdered on the road by a Koordish chief. The French correspondent of the *Orient* very disingenuously and wickedly intimates that the missionaries may have had something to do with this unfortunate deed. We shall look with great interest for further news from the American Missions in Persia.

The Roman Catholics have recently purchased a large and valuable property at Aberdeen, with a view to the erection of a cathedral, and the establishment of a new institution of the Sisters of Mercy. In Scotland, generally, Roman Catholicism and Puseyism have made progress these few years back.

The Paris *Univers*, Roman Catholic political paper, in some recent editorial comments on Mr. Buchanan's Inaugural Message, says:

The present state of society in America would inspire us with alarm, *did not the progress of the Catholic religion give us confidence in the future.* We repeat once more what we have often said: it belongs neither to England nor to the United States to constitute themselves judges of the governments and nations of Italy. *At Naples and at Rome there exists an amount of morality, security, religion, prosperity, and comfort which puts London and New York to shame.*

As a sample of which "morality, security, religion, prosperity, and comfort," we insert the following account of a *new instrument of torture* for political offenders, invented in Naples by a police agent named *Baiona*, whom King Bomba has rewarded with the cross of Francis I. for his humane invention:

'This cap, or *cuffia*, consists of a circular band of steel, passing round the head just above the eyes, with a semicircular band of the same material connecting it over the top of the head from ear to ear; attached to this superstructure is a chin strap of steel wire, growing broader toward the bottom, so as to confine the lower jaw completely, and make it utterly impossible to articulate when the bands on the head are properly screwed up; and to complete the adjustment, there is a strap of leather with a buckle attached to the chin-strap, which passes round the back of the neck, just below the ears, and keeps the latter firm in its place.

It is said that the first experiments made with this novel instrument of torture were on two persons called Lo-Re and De Medici, and that the former suffered so much from it that he remained senseless for some time, and the jailer who saw him, believing the man to be dying, ran and fetched a doctor and a priest without asking Signor Baiona's permission. When the doctor and priest arrived, Signor Baiona consented to allow the cap to be removed from the unfortunate prisoner, who was at length restored to life after a copious bleeding and other remedies; but he ordered a punishment of fifteen blows of a stick to the jailer, in order to check his over-zealous charity in future.

This will do for Naples. Now for a sample of peace and contentment in Rome. An English paper says:

'Last Saturday week the political prisoners confined in the Castle of Palliano made an attempt to escape, but were unsuccessful. At the close of the hour allotted for taking exercise in the court, some forced the doors leading to the barracks, and others got upon the roof of that building and of the infirmary, but they were unable to get at the arms. Some of the rioters finally forced the door of the great tower of the fortress, whence they molested the soldiers with showers of stones and bricks. In this state of things, having in vain summoned the prisoners to return to their places of confinement, the commanders of the garrison of chasseurs and of the brigade of gendarmes gave their men orders to fire, when, brickbats being no match for muskets, the mutineers had to submit, with the loss of four of their number killed and five wounded. One of the soldiers and a keeper were wounded also. There are several hundreds of political offenders confined in this fortress.

## AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Something about the Flower-Garden.—Those just starting their flower-garden will have to be content, for the first season, with flowering annuals. A few plants of different kinds should be started in a hot-bed, or on a sunny, sheltered place on the south side of a fence or building. All small flower-seeds must be sown in a light, mellow soil, not likely to bake. Sandy loam is the best.

Sow the seed in shallow drills, about the first of May in the latitude of New-York. Care must be taken not to sow the seed too thick, nor to cover too deeply. For the finer seeds, a little earth sifted over them is all the covering needed. As soon as the young plants make their appearance, lighten the earth around them and destroy all weeds. If the plants are too thick, which they are most likely to be, remove a portion to other beds, which should be prepared for this purpose, and remove them when quite small, as young plants always injure each other by growing crowded. Select a showery day, if possible, for this work, and remove the plants with as little injury to the roots as possible. When the ground is wet, plants can generally be taken up with a portion of the earth adhering to the roots, in which case they will receive but little check by the removal. Nothing is now needed but to keep the ground mellow and all weeds destroyed.

In grouping flowers in a small flower-bed, the dwarf varieties should always be nearest the edge. Harmony of coloring should always be taken into consideration, as a gaudy flower-bed, like a gaudy dress, does not give evidence of good taste in the possessor. Select plants adapted to your soil and climate. Select such kinds as will supply you with a succession of blossoms from early spring until late in the fall. Have a good collection of bulbous-rooted plants, as none are more beautiful or desirable. Place snowdrops and crocuses close to the edge. Tulips are better in beds, if planted in the border; place them in little clumps a short distance from the edging. Hyacinths the same as tulips. Lilies should be planted near the centre of the border, especially the taller ones; they should seldom be transplanted, as their blooming is injured by removal. A variety of peonias will supply a profusion of bloom during early summer. The shrubby varieties should occupy a prominent place. Phloxes are also well suited for central portions of the beds, the tallest sorts in the middle, while the spring flowering varieties must be placed nearer the edge. The intermediate space should be filled with antirrhinums, foxgloves, and others of like height and habit. Campanulas, liniums, euphorbias, delphiniums, etc., being of various heights, should be placed accordingly. Colors that will not harmonize should not be placed in close proximity; their blending, when seen from a distance, results in the production of a disagreeable tint. Purple and yellow, for example, will have this effect; yellow and blue, in certain proportions, produce green, and will be confounded with the foliage. A preponderance of one color will nearly neutralize the rest, so that this, also, should be avoided. Single beds have the best effect when planted with flowers uniform in habit; and this is the plan generally adopted by the best gardeners and florists.

By consulting a professional gardener, or some standard work on floriculture, you will be able to make up a list of flowers and flowering shrubs which will form a regular and beautiful succession, from the flowering almond of earliest spring to the asters of fall. A little care and study will be well repaid. Thus it is possible to have a succession of peonias, commencing with the latter part of April and lasting till July; and with very little trouble after the first setting-out.

To those whose flower-garden dates from some years back, a few directions for pruning their flowering shrubs may not be amiss.

Persian, French, Red, and other lilacs should *not* have any of the last year's growth cut back. They may and should have all weakly shoots taken away, and all branches that cross one another; and immediately *after* flowering they should be cut back to just such form and size as may be desired. The spireas and clethras all do better for being cut back in the spring; it is also better to cut out all weak and slender shoots. The tree honey-suckle, bastard indigo, Barbary, Japan quince, garland deutzia, golden ball shrub, halesia, or snow-drop, and weigelia may be cut into shape when pruning in the spring. It is well to prune them back immediately after flowering. The althea should have one-half of its previous year's growth cut back. It may, by pruning, be made to *form any desired shape.* The calycanthus, white and purple fringes, or mist-trees, euonymus, or burning bush, shrubby trefoil, colruteria, and Daphne mezereums should have no pruning, except to take away crossing branches.

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Colonel Benton was asked, the other day, to take a cracker and a glass of wine at the house of a friend. "Unleavened bread, Sir," said the Colonel; "Sir, unleavened bread, Sir. The word cracker is not to be found either in the Scriptures or in any of my works. It is unleavened bread, Sir, from *levo levare*, Latin, to lift or raise, Sir, and *un* not, and the Saxon *brad*, baked meal, Sir; signifying a species of bread that has not been raised, Sir. Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir. I will have one or two pieces, Sir, of unleavened bread, Sir, and Sir, a glass of wine, Sir; and should be honored if any woman here will take a glass of wine with me."

"Is there any thing the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him.

"Oh dear, yes! I am ill all over; but I don't know what it is, and I have no particular pain nowhere," was the reply.

"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll give you something to take away all that."

"How to Make Leeches Bite," is the caption of an article going the rounds of the papers. The best way, unquestionably, is to present them a first-rate note at thirty days, with an offer of five per cent. a month. They will bite instantly, and never stop sucking until they get the whole.

Marriage is designated a "bridal" state, as it puts a curb upon most people.

Some forty years ago, when a man's respectability depended much on his taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd fellow was one morning enjoying the luxury of perusing his paper (although he labored under the great disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet), when a more knowing neighbor of his happening in—perhaps to borrow his paper—observed to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman, drawing himself up in all the pomposity of affronted dignity, exclaimed: "I would have you know, Sir, that if I take a paper and *pay* for it, I have a right to read it which end up I please!"

Mr. Phœnix writes: "Accompanied by my old friend Butterfield, who had joined us at Memphis, I landed at New Orleans, and proceeded forthwith to the St. Charles Hotel. At this great tavern Amos expected to meet his wife, who had arrived from California to rejoin him after a three months' separation. I never saw a man so nervous. He rode on the outside of the coach with the driver, that he might obtain the earliest view of the building that contained his adored one. It was with great difficulty that I kept pace with him as he 'tumultuously rushed' up the step leading to the Rotunda. In an instant he was at the office and gasping 'Mrs. Butterfield.' 'In the parlor, Sir,' replied Dan, and he was off. I followed and saw him stop with surprise as he came to the door. In the centre of the parlor stood Mrs. Butterfield. That admirable woman had adopted the very latest and most voluminous style; and having on a rich silk of greenish hue, looked like a lovely bust on the summit of a new-mown hay-stack. Butterfield was appalled for a moment; but hearing her cry 'Amos!' he answered hysterically, 'My Amander!' and rushed on. He ran three times round Mrs. Butterfield, but it was of no use, he couldn't get in. He tried to climb her, but the hoops gave way and frustrated the attempt. He extended his arms to her; she held out hers to him; tears were in their eyes. It was the most affecting thing I ever witnessed. Finally, Mrs. Butterfield sat down, and Amos got behind her chair and kissed her, until their little offspring, by howling and biting the calf of his leg created a diversion. They were very happy, so were the people in the parlor. Every body appeared delighted; and a small boy, a year or two older than little Amos, jumped up and down like a whip-saw, and halloa'd 'Hoop ee!' with all his might.

"'Butterfield,' said I, an hour or two later, 'I suspect that Mrs. Butterfield has adopted hoops.'

"'Oh! yes,' answered he, 'I saw that sticking out. Perhaps it will obviate the little tendency she had to blow up. I'm glad of it.'"

Mr. Brown, coming home late one night from "meeting," was met at the door by his wife.

"Pretty time of night, Mr. Brown, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning. You, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family!"

"'Tisn't three—it's only one—I heard it strike. Council always sits till one o'clock."

"My soul! Mr. Brown, you're drunk—as true as I'm alive, you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. Brown, it's one. I heard it strike one, as I came round the corner, *two or three times.*"

Moore, in his Diary, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teazed Richelieu (and ineffectually, it seems) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other, "it was so like you!"

Edmund Kean, the actor, was the originator of a magnificent pun. Hazlit, a critic of the first water, declared that his name was impervious to a pun. "Not at all," insisted Kean. "What shall be said of the man whose genius *has lit* the age in which he lives?"

When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we find we can not bear a provoking word.

Sweetness and purity are beautifully drawn in these lines by Thomson:

Her form was sweeter than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

The *Battle Record* says; "A disappointed candidate for the office of constable remarked to us yesterday, in speaking of men who would sell their votes, that they were 'as base as *Æsop* of old, who sold his birth-right for a mess of *potash.*'"

A Paris correspondent, mentioning the recent decease of a notable French gentleman, M. de Salvandy, says: "On his death-bed, and when he could no longer speak, he beckoned his wife to hand him a slate, when he wrote and handed to her, 'Sixty years of existence—thirty-two years of happiness.'" Brown says that, in order to know whether this was meant for a compliment to his connubiality or his celibacy, the letter-writer should have told us whether the gentleman was married at twenty-eight, or thirty-one.

A young lady in the city of Boston pours out her distresses and desires in these tender and touching strains:

My heart is sick, my heart is sad;
But, Oh! the cause I dare not tell!
I am not grieved, I am not glad;
I am not ill, I am not well!

I'm not myself—I'm not the same;
I am, indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all except in name—
Oh! when shall I be changed in *that?*

A capital anecdote of Lord Raglan, when wounded at Waterloo, is told in London. The authority is the Prince of Orange. The prince used to recount that not a word announced the entry of a new patient, nor was he conscious of the presence of Lord Raglan (then Lord Fitzroy Somerset) till he heard him call out in the usual way—"Hollo! don't carry away that arm till I have taken off my ring." Neither the wound nor the operation had extorted a groan from the wounded soldier.

Our incomes should be like our shoes—if too small, they will choke and pinch us; but if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip.

The infinite trouble that old John M'Donough's estate has made, is as well known to all the country as in New Orleans, where the man lived and died. A few days since the old negro, who used to row John M'Donough back and forth across the river, was rowing over a gentleman of the third District—when half way over, the darkey suddenly raised his hat, and said:

"Massa H——, does you believe in sperrichelism?"

The gentleman, somewhat surprised, answered in the negative.

"I doesn't believe in it neither, massa."

"Why?" asked the gentleman, his curiosity aroused.

"Cause, massa," replied the darkey, "I believe if spirrets could come back to dis world, old massa John would been back long ago to look after dat property of his."

The old negro's idea was a rational one—no one can dispute that.

A very intelligible definition of transcendentalism is given by one who is, we think, himself a transcendentalist. It is, he tells us, the spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragibility connected with concutient ademption of incolumnient spirituality and etherealized contention of subsultory concretion.

An eminent lawyer belonging to the New York bar gives a better though less "hifalutin" idea of the word than this. Transcendentalism, he says, is two holes in a sand bank—a storm washes away the sand bank without disturbing the holes.

Housekeeper. "What is the meaning of this venison steak on the butcher's book, Bridget? I haven't seen it on the table."

Cook. "Why you see, m'm, it wasn't for the upper table at all; but Jeames can't abare mutton, so I had to git a bit o' venison for him."

An Irish drummer, who indulged too freely, was accosted by the General at review: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?" "Plase your honor," said Pat, "I always blushes when I spakes to an officer."

What is the difference between a butcher and a young lady?

*Ans.* The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

A noble heart will disdain to subsist, like a drone, upon the honey gathered by others' labor; like a leech, to filch its food out of the public granary; or like a shark, to prey on the lesser fry, but will one way or another earn his subsistence.

A graduating class at a college over in Jersey, at commencement, delivered *nine* orations and *two* poems, in *seven* languages. The class numbered *three members! Nine* and *two* are *eleven*, and *seven* are *eighteen; three's* into *eighteen, six*—six apiece!

"Sally, what time does your folks dine?"
"Soon as you goes away—that's missus's orders."

"Nobody ever lost any thing by love," said a sage-looking person. "That's not true," said a lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, of whom we read in the Bible, was once asked what was the first thing he learned? "To tell the truth," was the reply.

A friend, returned from abroad, says he once found two Austrian Customs officers endeavoring to make out his name from his traveling trunk. One called, while the other wrote. They had got it, "*Mr. Varanti Solezer.*" The trunk was marked, "Warranted sole-leather."

A Neapolitan fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto. At his deathbed, his confessor desired him, by way of penance, to acknowledge the superiority of Ariosto. "Father," answered the dying man, "to tell the truth, I never read either Dante or Ariosto."

When William H. Crawford was Secretary of the Treasury he wrote to the Collector at Mobile, Silas Dinsmore, to ascertain the length of the river Tombigbee, which request he worded to this effect: "How far does the Tombigbee run up?" To which the laconic Collector replied, "The Tombigbee does not run up at all, it runs down."

Adam Clarke used to say that the reason why the Irish are so famous for conversational bulls, is because they think much faster than they can talk. However that may be, many of these attributed to the Hibernians are very amusing.

A Dublin student being asked what was meant by "posthumous works," answered, "Such works as a man writes after he is dead!"

An Irish lieutenant, stationed abroad, being informed that his widowed mother had married a second time, expressed his alarm about his right of primogeniture, by hoping that "she wouldn't have a son older than himself."

But the best bull we ever heard of was shown in Paddy's description of the animal of that name. "This is the way you may know them. When you see a group of *cows* lying down in the field, and one of 'em is a standin'—that's a bull." Yes, Paddy, two bulls at least.

ROBIN'S COME.

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the robin's early song,
Telling one and all that now
Merry spring-time hastes along.
Welcome tidings thou dost bring,
Little harbinger of spring!
Robin's come.

Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of its frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow.
Gladly then we hear thee sing
The *reveille* of the spring.
Robin's come.

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers:
Wake the cowslip by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil.
Robin's come.

Then, as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young,
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou need'st not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near.
Robin's come.

Swinging still o'er yonder lane,
Robin answers merrily;
Ravished by the sweet refrain,
Alice claps her hands in glee,
Shouting from the open door,
With her clear voice, o'er and o'er,
"Robin's come!"

When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the late celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father, if he succeeded, he should place a label on his forehead with these words, "To Let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said the father, "but don't forget to add the word *unfurnished!*"

The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says:

"A most respectable, though not very cultivated lady once invited us to a private exhibition of rappings and scratchings, by which she believed that she held converse with her own deceased friends, as well as with many people who had been illustrious in their day and generation. As we were looking about her simply furnished parlor, our eyes fell upon a screen whereon an historical scene—the Passage of the Rubicon, we will call it—was depicted in worsted work. Now any one familiar with the specimens of this art which are sold at our country fairs will agree that, however interesting they may be as monuments of human patience and human eyesight, they do not possess the additional interest of greatly resembling any terrestrial objects with which we are acquainted. The visage of Cæsar upon the screen was no exception to the rule; square patches of red were driven in to represent the flush upon his cheeks, black triangles consisting of three stitches did duty as his eyebrows, while his eyes were glass beads, that stared in different directions. As this screen was evidently the ornament of the house, we hazarded the observation that it must have taken a long time to work it, or something of that sort. 'Yes,' replied our hostess; 'but that is the least part of its interest, *for Julius Cæsar came here the other evening and told us he considered it a capital likeness!*'"

A lady with a crinoline was walking down the street, her feathers fluttered in the air, her hoops stuck out a feet. She walked the earth as if she felt of it she was no part, and proudly did she walk along, for pride was in her heart. She did not see a curly dog which walked close by her side, all save the bushy tail of which her crinoline did hide. His tail the dog with pleasure shook—it fluttered in the wind, and from the lady's crinoline stuck out a foot behind. A crowd the tail soon did espy, as it waved to and fro, and like a rudder seemed to point which way the maid should go. The curly dog right pleased was he such quarters he had got, and walked beside the lady in a kind of doggish trot. Each step the lady now did take served to increase her train, while those who followed in her wake roared out with might and main. Some held their sides and laughed so hard, and many fairly cried, and many even still confess, that day they'd "like to died." But still the lady sailed along, in crinoline and pride, unmindful of the crowd behind or dog close by her side. But soon another dog espied the tail which fluttered free—it so provoked his doggish ire he could not let it be—but with a deep, ferocious growl, for battle straight he went, and 'neath the lady's crinoline both dogs were quickly pent. They fought, 'tis said, one hour or more—the lady nothing knew—but with her head erect sailed on, and did her way pursue. Some say she never would have known at all about the fight, had not one dog mistook, and gave her "limb" an awful bite. But since that day, I've heard it said, the lady ne'er was seen upon the street with so much pride—and *such* a crinoline!

A young man went from New York city to the West, where he commenced business on his own account, and married. His friends in the city were interested in his welfare, and when a merchant was about to journey to the place where the young man had located, he was requested to visit the emigrant and ascertain how he lived, what sort of a wife he had chosen, his prospects, etc. Accordingly, the New Yorker ascertained the residence of his young friend, and called upon him quite early in the morning. He found him in a small neat cottage, and just taking his breakfast. The introduction of the New Yorker to his wife was quite off-hand and unceremonious, and he was requested to be seated, and partake of the morning meal. The young wife had prepared the steak, biscuit, and coffee with her own hands, and for a table had used her kneading-board, over which a napkin was spread, and the "board" placed on her lap. The New Yorker declined a seat at the table, and took his leave. On making his report to his New York friends as to how he found his young friend living, he described the style as "magnificent!" and for explanation of the superlative he said, that were he the owner of that young man's furniture, he would not take ten thousand dollars for the legs of his table!

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, April* 13, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets varied little during the week. Breadstuffs were in very moderate demand. Wheat Flour was abundant and depressed, closing with Western Canal brands at $5 50 @ $6 20 for ordinary to fancy, and $5 85 @ $8 50 for low to choice extra, per barrel. Superfine to extra Canadian is down to $5 90 @ $7 50; and low mixed to very choice extra Southern, $6 00 @ $8 50, per barrel. Rye Flour is salable and steady, at $3 50 @ $4 65 for fine to Superfine, per barrel. Corn Meal is in moderate supply and demand, at $3 15 @ $3 20 for Jersey, and $3 60 @ $3 65 for Brandywine, per barrel. The latter brings $17 00 @ $17 25 in puncheons. Wheat and Rye have been sparingly offered, and purchased at an advance of 2 c. to 3 c. per bushel on previous prices. Barley and Barley Malt are scarce, and nominal in value. Corn is in good request, and is up to 69 c. @ 70 c. for old Western mixed, in store; 69 c. @ 73 c. for new and old yellow, and 68 c. @ 78 c. for new and old white, per bushel. Oats appear brisker and dearer, closing at 53 c. @ 55 c. for Western; 51 c. @ 53c. for State; 50 c. @ 52 c. for Jersey, and at 45 c. for Southern, per bushel. Cotton opened with a lively demand, at full and buoyant prices, but it leaves off quietly and languidly. Middling Uplands, 14¾ c.; do. Gulfs, 14¼ @ 14¾ c.; and other kinds at proportionate rates per pound. Provisions continue to attract considerable attention. Hog products are plentier and drooping. Beef is not abundant, and is very firm. Butter and Cheese are freely offered, and they favor buyers. We quote: Mess Pork, $22 90 @ $23 00; Prime do., $19 50; Country Mess Beef, $12 75 @ $14 00; and Prime do., $10 75 @ $11 50, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef, $26 00 @ $31 00, per tierce. Beef Hams, $22 75 @ $23 50, per barrel. Prime Lard, in barrels, 14¼ c. per pound. State Butter, 18 c. @ 29 c., and Cheese, 12 c. @ 13 c., per pound. Groceries are in good request at full rates. Hay is less abundant, and is in fair demand at 70 c. @ 90 c. for large and small lots, per 100 pounds. Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds are rather inactive, at old figures. Tobacco is scarce, and more stiffly held, with a moderate inquiry. Domestic Whisky is quiet, yet steady, at 26 c. @ 26¼ c., per gallon. No change in Wool.

The Live Stock Market was less satisfactorily supplied with Beeves, and these, having been more sought after, increased in value. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, comprised 2579 Beeves, 367 Milch Cows, 712 Veal Calves, 3442 Sheep and Lambs, and 4160 Swine, against 3195 Beeves, 304 Milch Cows, 906 Veal Calves, 3397 Sheep and Lambs, and 421 Swine the preceding week. Illinois, Ohio, New York, and Indiana furnished the bulk of the stock offered the last market day. The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 9¼ c. for the poorest, to 13 c. for premium cattle, the general average having been 11 c. per pound, or 1 c. per pound over the previous week's currency. Milch Cows, with their calves at their sides, were in fair supply and moderate request at uniform quotations. Veal Calves were not so freely offered; they attracted more attention, and those of good quality were very firm. Sheep and Lambs were pretty actively inquired for at rather better prices, the bulk of the week's sales having been effected at from $5 00 @ $10 00 per head. Swine were in moderate supply and demand at unaltered figures.

The Country Produce Market is not very brisk. Fruit and Vegetables are generally less abundant, and are dearer. Eggs are in light supply and fair demand at firmer prices. Poultry arrive and sell less freely. Butter and Cheese appear plentier and lower, being in limited request. We can notice no important variations in other articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, common to good, per barrel.. | $3 00 | @ | $4 50 |
| " good to extra, per barrel .... | $4 50 | @ | $5 00 |
| " Dried, State, per pound..... | 10 | @ | 12 |
| " " Southern, per pound . | 8 | @ | 10 |
| Cranberries, per barrel ............. | $10 00 | @ | $14 00 |
| Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound... | 15 | @ | 17 |
| " " (unpeeled), per pound. | 9¼ | @ | 10¼ |
| Hickory Nuts, per bushel ........... | $1 50 | @ | $1 75 |
| Potatoes, per barrel................ | $2 00 | @ | $4 75 |
| " Sweet, per barrel.......... | $5 00 | @ | $6 00 |
| Onions, Red, per barrel............. | $3 50 | @ | $3 75 |
| " Yellow, per barrel........... | $3 75 | @ | $4 00 |
| " White, per barrel ........... | $4 25 | @ | $4 75 |
| " per 100 strings .............. | $4 50 | @ | — |
| Washed Carrots, per barrel.......... | $1 25 | @ | $1 50 |
| Beets, per barrel .................. | $2 25 | @ | — |
| Parsnips, per barrel ............... | $1 50 | @ | $1 75 |
| Turnips, per barrel................. | 50 | @ | $1 25 |
| Cabbages, per 100 .................. | $4 00 | @ | $8 00 |
| Garlic, per 100 bunches............. | $7 00 | @ | — |
| Butter, Western, per pound ......... | 15 | @ | 21 |
| " State, per pound ............ | 18 | @ | 29 |
| Cheese, State, per pound............ | 12 | @ | 13 |
| Lard, per pound..................... | 14 | @ | 14¼ |
| Eggs, Fresh, per dozen.............. | 19 | @ | 20 |
| Fowls, per pound.................... | 12 | @ | 16 |
| Ducks, Domestic, per pound.......... | 14 | @ | 20 |
| Turkeys, per pound ................. | 10 | @ | 18 |
| Geese, per pound ................... | 9 | @ | 15 |
| Pigeons, per dozen ................. | $1 50 | @ | $2 25 |
| Quail, per dozen ................... | $2 50 | @ | $2 75 |
| Partridges, per pair................ | 62½ | @ | 75 |
| Prairie Hens, per pair.............. | 50 | @ | 60 |
| Beef, per pound .................... | 8 | @ | 10 |
| Mutton, per pound .................. | 9 | @ | 12 |
| Lamb, per pound .................... | 10 | @ | 12½ |
| Veal, per pound .................... | 9 | @ | 11 |
| Pork, per pound..................... | 9 | @ | 10¼ |

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, April* 13, 1857.

THE Foreign trade of the port is gradually assuming more moderate proportions. The week compares as follows with last year.

| | Imports. | Exports. |
|---|---|---|
| Week ending Apr. 11, 1857 | $3,608,777.... | $1,954,426 |
| Corresponding week, 1856 | 5,257,832.... | 1,127,099 |
| Decrease this year | $1,649,055 | |
| Increase do. | ............... | 827,327 |

This is the first week this year, if we remember rightly, which presents this comforting appearance. There was no export of specie during the week, except a small parcel to the West Indies; and the specie in bank varies but little. What is received from California mostly goes into the country banks at last, so that the cessation of export creates but little permanent increase in our stock here. Exchange on England having reached 109, a resumption of specie shipments may shortly be anticipated.

Money is, if any thing, a trifle cheaper than this time last week, though we still quote best names at 7 @ 9, and money on call at 7 per cent. At Philadelphia and Boston the Money Markets are reported emphatically easy.

Cotton is without change: from 12½ c. for ordinary to 15¾ c. for fair Mobile. Flour is a trifle steadier, but Wheat varies a good deal.

The Stock Market has fluctuated 4 to 5 per cent. during the week, closing to-day about the same as this day last week. The chief fall has been on Michigan Southern, and Cleveland and Toledo. The market to-day is buoyant.

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